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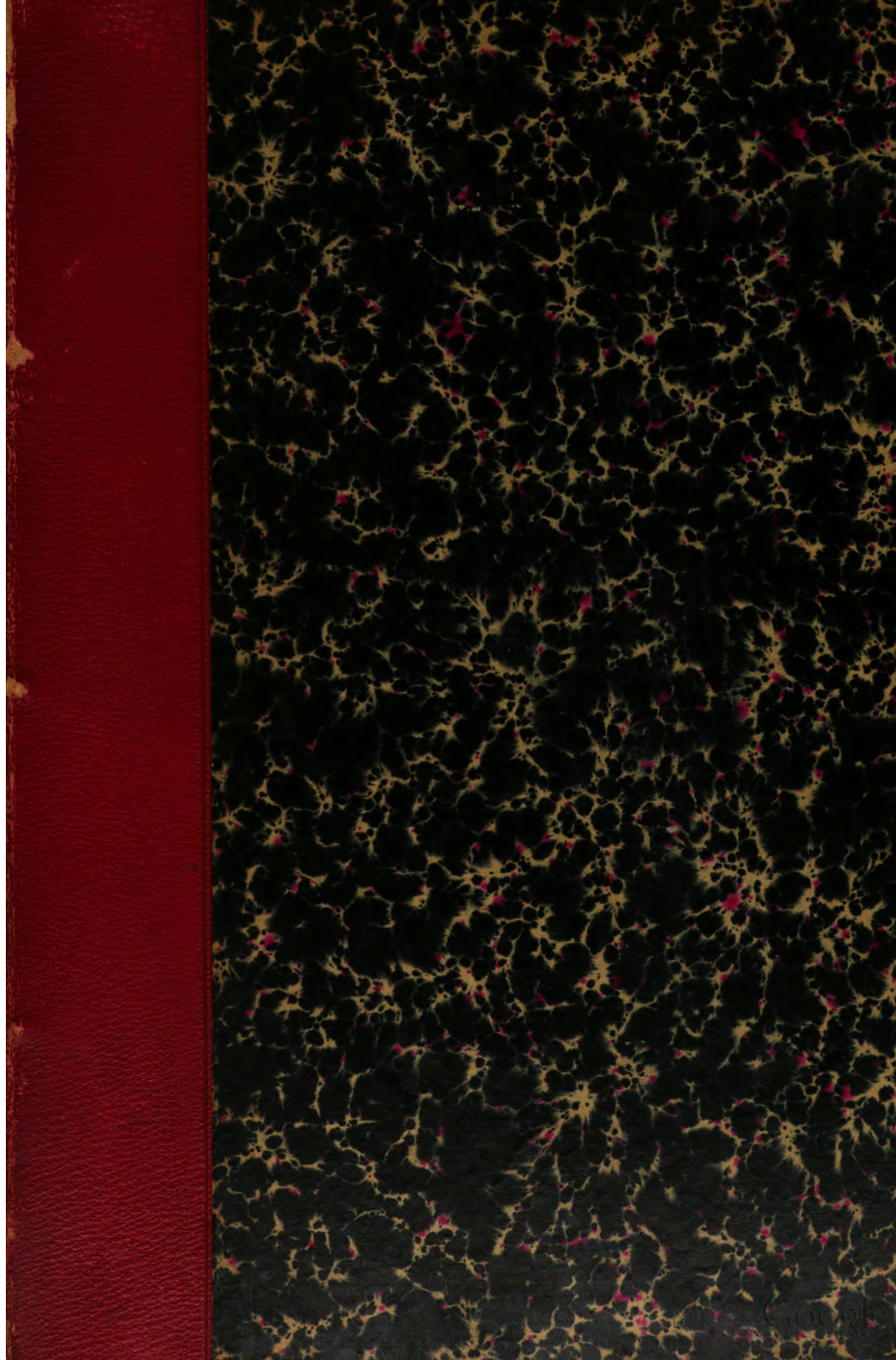
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THE  
HARVARD  
ADVOCATE

VOLUME LXXIV.



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*Veritas nihil veretur.*



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# THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. LXXIV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., SEPTEMBER 25, 1902.

No. 1

THE ADVOCATE is published fortnightly during the College Year. Terms, \$2.50 a year, IN ADVANCE. Single copies, 15 cents. For sale in Cambridge at Ames's and Thurston's. In Boston, at Damrell, Upham & Co.'s, cor. School and Washington Streets.

All communications, contributions and subscriptions should be sent to the HARVARD ADVOCATE, The Harvard Union, Cambridge.

*Office hours:*

*Literary,—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 1.30 to 2.30 p. m.*

*Business,—Monday and Thursday, 7 to 7.30 p. m.*

*Subscribers who do not receive their numbers will confer a favor by notifying the Business Manager.*

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In regard to the social side of college life a little may be said which will help those who come here suffering from a misconception of our fellowship. There is no complexity to the problem as to the attitude a man must take with his fellows here, no artificial course of conduct to pursue, no plans for social advantages to map out. In fact there is no problem at all and he who comes here with these ideas in mind will never be a good Harvard man until he cast them aside, and never a man at all until he sees how distorted his view-point has been. The only way to get the best of that splendid association which the college life will offer you is to meet as many men as you can, hold an acquaintance with nearly all of them and choose your friends because they are worthy of your friendship. The social attitude of a man, rich or poor, well known or unknown, should always be founded upon the same simple principles that should influence the intercourse of men the world over, whether in the court of an empire or the fo'castle of a schooner.

There may be some men who know Harvard so little that they are confused into insincere living and thinking by a distorted idea that all fellowship at Harvard lies in a club system. Such a view is pitifully narrow. Clubs and societies, like men, stand upon their own merits, and there are a great many here that are very pleasant; but the man who watches them and studies them from the outside with an idea that there is something mysterious and fateful about them and the man who tries to insinuate himself into their membership is nothing short of an immature fool. For, though it is often a great honor that a club or society should choose you for a member and often results in many fine associations with fine men, the honor loses much

THE ADVOCATE wishes to extend a word of welcome to the Freshman Class,—the class of Nineteen Hundred and Six. We hope to see this new body of men start upon their college life with a lot of class spirit and with a fine understanding of the fellowship at Harvard: we have faith that they will remember that, while the University is ready to give them almost everything that makes life better and nobler, it expects from them unselfishness, earnestness of purpose and loyalty to the welfare of their college, their class and their own principles.

savor when you have only obtained it through your agonized striving to get it in some artificial way. The club should go after the man, not the man after the club. Until you are asked to join, the clubs and their affairs are no business of yours and are never a subject for frantic hopes or sour disappointment. He who cannot learn this and lead his life naturally and sincerely will never know the best fellowship that Harvard is able to offer him.

THE heartiest congratulations to the baseball team! Every Harvard man feels much pride in the season's sport and in the two final victories which won for us the series with Yale.

The important and satisfactory part of college athletics is good sport and much is lost when that is sacrificed in order to win games. The present danger of college athletics seems to be in a tendency to make the victory itself count for too much and the spirit of the game count for too little. Because of this the lovers of sport are

expressing themselves emphatically against such institutions as organized baseball practice in the summer.

In the first place college athletics lose much of their spontaneity and individuality when developed entirely apart from a college atmosphere, when members of a team whether it is agreeable to them or not, must devote their vacation to the perfection of an athletic game. Such a team must of necessity miss the spirit of college athletics in the best sense of the word; they may represent a well ordered system of training, but cannot be truly representative of a college. We believe that this sort of thing tends to hurt good sport and sportsmanship and one cannot but feel that such a measure is extravagant whether done by one college or all. Certainly it is manifestly unfair for one college to adopt such an extreme method of developing teams and winning games when other colleges refrain from using such means, believing that victory should not be bought at the price of normal, wholesome sport.

### August Afternoon on Gay Head.

BLUE in the sunshine there below — the sea.  
 Where sky's ungroined arches rest on earth  
 These great impatient rollers have their birth,  
 Uninterrupted, menacing the lea,  
 Sheer down from my high stand, dull booming  
 They pound on sand, on boulders great of girth —  
 On rugged beach the surf's passion and mirth —  
 In play or anger, always melody.  
 In yon broad offing, on a day like this,  
 In other times — who knows? — Sir Francis Drake,  
 Strong-hearted rover of the blue abyss,  
 Roving and roving, terror in his wake,  
 Keen-eyed, on sky-line saw this long dim band,  
 And, laughing, leaped to shrouds and cried: "Ho, land!"

## At the End of the Four Years.

THE oil in the student lamp gave a final gurgle; the wick sputtered and was finally lost in a red glow. For a time the room seemed very black and the only sound which came in through the softly fluttering curtains was the ticking chirp of a cricket somewhere in the grass of the Yard. Carlyle was still leaning back against the hot cushions of the desk chair, with unseeing eyes fixed upon the undulating of the portières. Behind the portières he could hear the measured breathing of the "good old bunkie," and suddenly there was a slight taking in of breath and the bed creaked as the sleeper turned. Restless? Carlyle found himself wondering why that great healthy roommate of his should ever sleep uneasily. He fancied that he might be wide awake and whispered softly "Oh Tracy!" There was no answer and the portières were still undulating in the breath of the night wind.

He moved forward in the chair. His eye had come back to a photograph on the desk before him and he reached out for it impulsively, as if some one sought to take it from him. Even in the dim light from the street lamps, across in the Square, he could see the picture very well. He slipped it back into the open drawer and went to the window.

The night was very hot and still, but the breeze which touched his neck where the shirt was open seemed very grateful. A bat, silent and black as velvet wheeled by, the bell over in the tower struck three; one light still burned in the top of Grays. The Yard was peaceful beneath the soft rustling of the great elms. Carlyle reflected that in three days it would be Class Day and the Yard would look very differently; it would look just as it had last year when he was a Junior, with colored lanterns bobbing in the shadows of the leaves and little snatches of rippling laughter from the groups of girls and the feathery white of the women's gowns. Class Day—that was when he would have to see Margaret.

He spread himself out on the window seat, tapped with his fingers upon the swinging curtain tassel, and wished the same old train of thoughts would not keep repeating itself through its maze

of memories — through a multitude of questions of right and wrong with the big decision always crashing in at the end, "And if I go," said he half aloud, "that would settle it sure. And if I stay — heaven only knows!"

Over in the Square there was the rattle of cab wheels, the report of a slamming door and the tones of distant shouts and laughter. Carlyle moved upon the window seat fretfully and looked out. Above the walls of University which seemed lustrously white in the darkness, he fancied he could see the glimmer of the new day creeping across the sky. His fingers twisted through his moist hair nervously: somehow his head felt hot inside and the thoughts that hurried over each other in his brain and the old familiar objects around the room seemed distorted and elusive. He again became aware of a bit of ribbon in his hand and which he had twisted and crumpled, absentmindedly. He remembered very well when he had come into possession of that ribbon. They had been sitting on a stone wall by the roadside, with a clump of golden-rod beneath them, its leaves all dust laden. Butterflies and droning bees had ignored their presence and an hour had sped by as they talked earnestly together. They had not remembered the rest of the world at all until the shadows of the clouds no longer chased across the hillside pastures and the prim old tower of the town hall, poking out of the trees, had awakened them with the honest clang of its bell. It was then that she had jumped lightly down and catching that bit of ribbon on a bramble had torn it away and ripped the sleeve from the roundness of her brown forearm. He had once made an oration to her against the kind of man that gathers trophies and favors, photographs and such things; he remembered how she had laughed at him when he took this piece of ribbon and stuffed it into his pocket with his pipe and matches. Now as he spread it out upon his knee it seemed a thing freighted with memories, redolent with her personality, but just as when he had secretly worn that bit of ribbon through a football game, he felt now how childish a thing



was this preserving of a bit of torn and raveled silk. He rolled it up quickly and hid it in his clenched palm blushing, as if every fellow he knew was watching him with jeering, unappreciative eyes.

Dawn was already breaking; from the mass of foliage on a level with the window came the full senuous song of an oriole. Carlyle dropped his hands listlessly beside him. Again it occurred to him how much stronger and better a man than he was Tracy who was sleeping in the little bed room, how much more worthy. Carlyle in his first two years at college had always been somewhat in awe of Tracy, who seemed as good and as wise as an undergraduate could ever be; since he had roomed with him in this, the senior year, he had realized how great a thing was his friendship with this man, how indispensable to his own good living. They had been together a great deal in their four years in the college; they had learned together the lessons that are taught by those four years. And now as he recalled those ideals of unselfishness and sacrifice and sincerity, he knew how wrong it would be to think first of his own happiness.

He went back to the desk with its litter of books and papers left over from the finals, where his eye caught a print of the college seal upon a copy of the "Courses of Instruction,"—the Seal with its one word upon it. Carlyle leaning against the desk edge stood for a moment very silent and thoughtful, then sitting down he reached for a pencil and tore a blank sheet out of a note book.

"Dear Tracy," he wrote, "when you wake up I will have gone. There is a very good reason why I should not be here on Class Day. I do not know why I have never told you how much I care for Margaret, but it is much better that you, who love her so much better than I ever could, should have her to yourself on that day. Good luck to you. It seems a funny ending to our rooming together—my skipping out this way—does n't it? Never mind. I will meet you Sunday evening at 6 at our table in Auton's place.

"Bless your old hide,—Billy."

He dropped the pencil. It was very light outside. Somebody was walking on the gravel beneath; the crunching footsteps echoed through the yard like a noise echoes in an empty church. Billy leaned forward and read over the hurried scrawl he had written.

"Thunder! that won't go at all," said he aloud, crumpling the paper in his hand. "Funny that I should n't have remembered," he thought. "Why, old Tracy would feel like the devil about that. He must n't know on any account."

He threw the note into the fireplace where it rattled and bounced in behind the grate. Then on the back of the "Courses of Instruction" he wrote,

"Dear Tracy,—Had to leave suddenly. Can't possibly be here Class Day. Will explain when I get back. — Billy."

"There" said he, "now I've got a week to think up that explanation."

When he had closed his dress-suit case on a few clothes and the other things hurriedly gathered up and thrown in, Carlyle put on his coat and tiptoed softly across to the room where Tracy was sleeping. As he drew the portière silently, he could see that his roommate was no longer restless. One hand hung comfortably over the edge of the bed and the head with its mass of curly hair was buried luxuriously in a corner of the pillow. For a moment he stood watching the sleeper, then he stepped quietly toward the door. On the way, his eye caught the bit of crumpled ribbon on the desk and he put it into his pocket, but it was not until he had walked down the stairs and out into the morning mist on the Yard that he remembered he had left his pocketbook on the bureau.

When he walked back to the room Tracy was standing before the desk, looking down at the note and running his fingers through his hair sleepily. He heard Billy as he came in and turned quickly.

"Hi! what's this mean?" he said, "what the dickens are you doing — sneaking away at this hour?"

Billy caught his breath and leaned heavily against the bookcase.

"Oh, forget it, Tracy!" said he hopelessly, "you go back to bed!"

Tracy looked troubled. He hitched up his pajamas nervously. "I believe you're crazy," said he, "but I've got to keep you here on Class Day, dead or alive. Margaret's coming down. You needn't look so innocent, you knew it mighty well. She wants to see you."

"Me?" said Billy, "how do you know?" He was plucking at his collar.

"I went up to see her Thursday," said Tracy, painfully, "and I asked her ——"

Billy reached his hand out quickly toward his roommate, "Oh, I'm mighty happy for you. I ——"

"But she—well, she was mighty fine. She said she was terribly sorry about it all,—sorry for me—and everything like that."

He paused.

"And she asked if you weren't sure to be here on Class Day. And I told her yes, you would be here."

He stopped a moment and then went on. "And I never knew you cared for her until she showed me so plainly how much there was between you. I never knew you loved her. Here! Billy don't! It's all right about me. Truly. Now, you stay here. Billy—you've got to stay."

Carlyle nodded his head, "I will," said he, simply. "I can stay, now. I didn't know before you had spoken to her about—that."

Tracy looked up with a sudden understanding. For a moment they stood silent. Then Tracy gripped Billy's hand very hard.

"Just wait until I tell her about this—wait until I show her that note of yours," he said.

*Esra Kidd.*

## Domath.

**I**T WAS a few minutes after six o'clock, last Tuesday, when I turned into Tom's place, stood up against the bar, and said, "Lager," in answer to the barkeep's inquiring look.

"Same here," remarked a strangely hoarse voice close to my elbow. I turned very slightly and caught the eye of a squat, stocky fellow who stood resting his foot on the rail.

"Evening," he said, bowing, "weather ain't so good, is it?"

"No," I answered, looking sharply at his face, which was red, broad and heavy; his small nose looked as if it had been shot in between his light blue eyes and his big mouth was more prominent because his rust colored beard was close shaven. Somehow or other his features were very familiar.

"Have n't I seen you in here before?" I ventured.

"No," he replied, "guess not. I ain't been to Boston afore; just came off the boat this afternoon."

"Oh, that's where you got that sunburn from," I broke in; "you're a ——"

"No, I ain't a sailor," he interrupted, "that is I ain't one by trade; I'm a boxin' teacher. I see you thought you knowed me; perhaps you seen my pitchers in the Sidney papers some ten or fifteen years aback. I used to have a place there years ago, and pull off a scrap now and then, when a mug gave me a chanst. My name's Quagley,—'slim Ted' they used to call me. I got fat since them days. I was as good and better'n most of the mugs. Why I put 'Bill the Cooch' to sleep in two rounds and Ed Murphy, you've heard of him?"

I nodded.

"Ed was an old timer," he went on, "I busted one of his kidneys in a mill we had afore the Count of Aberdeen, who was Colonial Secretary then. I had my tumbles too. 'Spider' West, he laid me out in ten rounds, and Jo Gross he put me in my slumbers afore I knew what was what, and that too after I done the 'Sligo Bruiser.' I mind how just after I got to Sidney from New York, I was only a kid, a stowaway, a mug named 'Mule,'—I never knew whether

he had another name and I guess he never knew neither,—took me to live with him. He felt my muscles and says, 'I'm goin' to make a scrapper of you,' and he did. I learned easy and got strong quick. Although I was short and skinny I could use my mits quite clever."

"But," said I as he swallowed his third glass of beer, "why don't you fight now? You look fit?"

He did not seem to hear my question. His eyes were fastened on the little monkey in its cage up by the door. Suddenly the man made a curious noise back somewhere in his throat and at that the monkey hopped about, mad with excitement and showing his teeth. I stared at him in wonder.

"Why don't I fight now," he echoed, "because I took to instructing in English language, literature, manners and customs, reading, arithmetic and writing and got out of the habit of scrapping and then I gave it up."

"Been teaching school?" I asked.

"No, private tutor."

His eyes wandered slowly over toward the tables.

"What do you say, let's sit down awhile?"

We did.

"That bar keeper was listening to me and I don't like it," he whispered. All the time he had been speaking I had noticed that he did so without moving his lips. The words seemed to form in his throat and they had a deep, guttural sort of sound. "Yes," he went on, "I was tutoring a — it was this way, to begin with, fourteen years ago I started from Sidney with what money I had saved; reasons for leaving not stated. I shipped second class on the steamer 'Pekan,' for Liverpool. We had n't been out four days when the nastiest weather I ever seen comes flopping down on us. A big, brown fog covers us up and it was n't no ordinary fog, for red dust falls on the decks until it lay three inches deep. The water was all dust too and we coughs and sneezes until I thought sure the whole lot of us would die. All at onct, about noon one day, a sort of a earthquake comes into us and the first thing I knew the 'Pekan' went down, went down quicker than I can tell you about it.

There was no time for the boats or anything. Every plate in her was ripped off or pushed in. I was standing on the deck and as she sank I felt the way you do when an elevator you're in drops quick. I swam around a while in the muddy water hoping to find some other person. I only saw one and she was drowned. There was a lot of wooden things floating around and as soon as I bumped into one I grabbed hold; it was big and floated like a raft. I looked it over; it was the ship's grand pianny. However it got out of the wreck I don't know, I never stopped to think but climbed aboard and was glad, you bet, to find it. Then I looked about; there was only some boxes and a few chairs bobbing about where the 'Pekan' had slumped and I was being carried away from the place on the big music-box by the circle of ripples. The red dust had quit falling when I fell asleep that night.

"When I woke next day my clothes were dry and the pianny was making fast time for somewhere leaving a wake behind it like a steam-yacht. All day long she hustled along as straight as an arrow and I sat and tried to guess the time for my watch was broken and full of salt water. I missed my breakfast, my dinner and my supper and I was awful hungry when the sun set that night.

"It was early morning when something wet slapped over my face and I jumped up. A big bird was on the pianny and he sat and looked wise at me. He was a sort of a short stork with big feet, that I had felt on my face, and a flabby double chin. I tried to engage him in conversation but he only winked knowingly and when I tried to catch him he fell off the music box with a splash and swam off. He went paddling along in front and looked for all the world as if he was a tug towing us to land. And whether he did make the pianny follow him I don't know; anyway it was n't long before I saw a green island come up out of the horizon and we came slowly nearer to it and the bird led the pianny through the reefs into a little sheltered bay. There was a shell beach and behind it a lot of palm trees. The old tug-bird landed and walked away very sedate into the bushes and that was the last I saw of him. There was a mob of yellow and blue

fishes in the shoal water and I could see bottom, so I swam for the shore. I laid my clothes out to dry on the sand and raised a yell thinking there might be some one about; the shout started the echoes. Then, all at onct, with a cracking sound, out from the shrubs came a man — an Irishman of middle age and height with a hairy body, a hairy face, long arms and a shuffling walk.

“‘Good morning,’ says I.

“‘Slump objar,’ says he.

“‘Spoken sie Dutsch?’ I says.

“‘Graw,’ says he.

“‘Then parlez-vous Frenchay?’ I says, saluting.

“‘Graw,’ he answered saluting like me.

“‘He don’t speak either,’ I says to myself.

“‘Any good at English?’ I asks him.

“‘Graw,’ says he.

“‘Oh,’ says I, catching on, “‘your name’s Graw?’

“‘Graw,’ he replies most politely. Then I made signs I was hungry and, without a moment’s delay he was gone back to the woods. I sat on the beach and waited. Presently Graw comes pikeing back with some fruit and milk in a gourd flask and I stowed the grub most thankfully. ‘Poor cuss,’ I thinks to myself ‘he must have been trown on this island before he knew much seeing he’s Irish and can’t speak English.’ Then I thanks him in my most society way for my meal and got up and looked for my pipe and tobacco in my coat. They were dry so I smoked up. Graw had been sitting squinting at my white skin and comparing it with his sunburned one now, when the tobacco smoke begins to come, out of my mouth, he acted as if he was bewitched. He watched it for awhile then he off to the undergrowth with one jump, I laughed out loud; an Irishman and he had never seen a pipe before. All at onct he comes running back with some pieces of bulrush and bamboo and starts to make himself a pipe. When he was done I gives him some of my Bird’s Eye and he rubs two bits of stick together and lights his ‘dudeen.’ I spits and he watches me and then he spits. Then we smokes in silence. After awhile he begins to look white and pale in the gills and in a few min-

utes he buries his pipe in the sand and leaves for the woodlands. When I got through smoking I lay down and slept and dreamed of Graw and his funny face and waked laughing. When I opened my eyes there sat Graw, recovered entirely. I smiled and he smiled and I made signals that I was hungry again. He was off at onct and brought me more food. It was like having a servant. ‘But,’ says I to myself, ‘what right has you to have a servant? You ain’t any better than he only you has edecation. You shouldn’t make a slave of your equal who has not had your advantages of schooling’; so I decided I’d begin and teach him English.

“‘Graw,’ says I, ‘Ted,’ and I pointed to myself.

“‘Ted,’ says he and pointed to me.

“‘Good,’ I says to myself, ‘now we’ll go on.’

‘Banana,’ says I to him holding up one.

“‘Sobash,’ says he grinning.

“‘Banana,’ says I.

“‘Sobash,’ says he.

“‘You’re a liar. Banana!’ yells I.

“‘Sobash,’ grins he.

“Then I began again.

“‘Sobash — banana,’ says I.

“‘Sobash — banana,’ says he.

“‘Banana — sobash,’ I says.

“‘Banana — sobash,’ echoes he.

“Then I held up another, ‘What is it?’ says I.

“‘Banana!’ he yells, and I shook his hand. Then I taught him the English names of honey, milk, water, pipe, shells, tobacco and a lot of other things and he taught me their names in his Graw language. Then we eats again and slept that night in a hut he’d built himself in the woods.

“Next day we caught fish and had lessons in English and Graw talk and bathed and I showed him how to hand-spring and flip-flap. So we spent the time getting acquainted.

“‘Graw,’ says I one day pointing to the island back of us, ‘walk over there?’

“‘No,’ he says shaking his head, ‘Pomath.’

“‘Oh,’ I answered not catching on, ‘what are Pomath?’ He said nothing but shook his head again. So, although I wanted to explore I

did n't on account of the 'Pomath,' what ever they were.

"After a month Graw could speak English better than most Irishmen and could do stunts better than a street kid. His body was tough and full of muscles and I showed him how to box. He liked it and got on to the idea quick and was very shifty in his foot work and the science of the art. But I did n't neglect his other lessons. I traced out the letters on the sand and learned him about how to use them to spell and print and then to write and, you'll not believe me, inside of a month or so he could write as good a hand as a schoolboy.

"I asked him often how he came to the island but he always said 'Pomath' to all that sort of a question and he could n't explain what the word stood for so I had to give it up as a bad job.

"Every day was the same as the one before and I lost all track of time, but it must have been about two years since I got on the island when we had a storm that lasted a week. A body was shoved up on the beach by the waves; it was a man about forty-five years old, a sailor. There was nothing in his pockets but a quid of tobacco tied up in canvas, and I can tell you I was glad for it, because I'd been smoking the dried leaves of plants for months. Graw was terrible excited about it and I could n't stop him calling the dead one Ted because that was my name. He talked about it so much and called it Ted, that when we had buried it I almost thought I was dead and buried. I rigged Graw up in the sailor's togs and he was awful proud of them.

"It was fine those evenings sitting on the beach smoking (Graw could smoke now and chew too) and watching the stars over the water. Just the same I was lonesome and I hated to think how much lonelier I would have been without Graw and I was pretty contented after all. Graw, of course had n't known any different life but that on the island; but, now and then I wished we, for I would n't have gone away and left Graw, were in Liverpool or New York or Sidney at the theyater or the horse races. When I got that way Graw, he could see what I was doing, would get restless like and I'd have to tell him about the big cities I'd been in, of the fights

I'd fought and of the women I'd known. He'd listen and he'd ask questions and we'd argue together about which was better the body or the head blow and whether electricity was real and unreal and all sorts of stuff. But there was one thing I never spoke of for I did n't know nothing of it and that was religion, churches and sermons. I had growed up without any of it and I did n't know exactly what it was and how you got it. Like all the rest of us I used to cuss and swear, but when Graw asked me one day what "God" meant I only shook my head; I could n't explain any more than he could explain Pomath. So I quit swearing and I got Graw to quit. He'd caught it from me.

"I learned Graw numbers and how to add and divide and subtract. Then I learned him some poetry and some pieces I used to know and I tried to learn him songs but he did n't have no ear for it and sung off the right pitch. Then I showed him how to wrestle for I knew a bit about it from "Kid" Long, the middle-weight champion of Australia. I had some English money in my belt and explained to Graw about it and showed him how to make change against the time we would go over the sea. I kept thinking it would n't be long, but it was a powerful long time.

"One day when Graw was busy catching fish I started out for a walk; I pushed inland. It was all forest in there with tangly undergrowth and bushes but no snakes or lizards or monkeys, only birds and butterflies. It was fine. I made about a mile straight into the heart of the place, then I halted. I eat some fruit and in a little while I went on again. It was high noon and the forest was hot and I lay down and slept. My ears had been buzzing and my head felt tight. It had been that way all day but I had n't said nothing about it to Graw for fear of worrying him. I was loggy and tired, and my hands and feet tingled and was as heavy as lead. What dreams I had in my sleep! There was red spots and redder spots and still redder spots chasing themselves over yellow until my eyes turned farther and farther back into my head, trying to follow them. And the heat was like a bake-shop inside and outside of me. I felt hands moving on my body, and once I thought

I felt someone kissing my forehead, and I mind I said, 'Ah, get away, Mamie, I'm tired and sick.' I could n't hear my own voice as I said it; I was stone deaf. All at once I woke. I saw the roof of the hut I'd left an hour or so before. I raised myself up and looked about. Graw slowly and gently made me lie down again on my back and he gave me cocoanut milk to drink. 'How did I get here?' I asked, but he did n't say nothing. Then I went to sleep again.

"When I got strong enough I found I had been laying in the hut ninety-four days. Graw had laid aside, in a little grass basket, a shell for every day. I counted them. Three months! I could n't hardly believe it until I seen them shells, and Graw had taken care of me like any nurse, or a mother, and had fetched me back through the fever.

"From the day I took sick we dated the months that followed. Every day we laid aside a shell in a basket and we had twelve of them. I learned Graw the system of days, weeks and months. I guessed I'd been on the island about five years when my fever came on and I added each year as it passed to these five. Every year we celebrated the coming round of the day when I took my walk into the forest and got sick. If it was possible this sick spell drew Graw and me nearer together than ever.

"Once I wanted to go inland again but Graw got me not to go with his everlasting talk of Pomath. It was the only time I saw Graw get nervous and he begged me not to go 'back there' again. I was terribly twisted in my mind about the way he acted, but I did n't go.

"Four year and a half it was from the day the fever began that something extraordinary happened: we were found. A seventh class English warship came steaming in shore one morning out of the fog and sent a boat out to spy around. They landed on the shell beach and found us asleep in our hut. I can tell you I was surprised when I woke and found, standing right over me an English naval officer. I jumped up and Graw he wakes and jumped up and we danced about and we felt of the sailors to see if they were real and then we both danced again. The officer he asked all sorts of questions of us and

Graw and me answered them while he wrote in a pocketbook. Then he told us the island was not on the charts, that his name was Carham and his ship was a government survey, and he took hold of the island in the name of the king.

'The king,' I says, 'what king?'

"'King Edward the seventh,' he says, 'The Queen, God bless her, is dead for over a year——'

"'And what's this year, the number?' I asks.

"'Nineteen hundred and two,' says he. Then I calculates and finds I had been on the island twelve years and only four and a half had I really counted.

"Then they takes Graw and me aboard the ship and introduces us to the captain, and we shows him the outside of the island and after a day and a night we left it.

"Graw seemed a bit down in the mouth and he made mistakes calling all the sailors Ted. I never said nothing to nobody about my having edecated Graw and I guess he kept it secret too.

"After about two weeks' cruise we fell in with a sailing vessel to New York and were reshipped and worked before the mast, the Captain being short-handed. In due time the 'Mary Hopton' made port all right. Graw had seemed queerish while we were aboard but as soon as we landed he got all right. When we came ashore Graw got his first sight of women and it took me a long time explaining what I knew of them and the sweat was rolling off my forehead when I had answered all his questions.

"We both got jobs in the city within a week's time. Me in a livery stable, I did n't dare get to scrapping again because I did n't want my name to get about—you're the first I've told it to; I had my reasons—Graw, he got a job as porter in a hotel. It was easy for a strong cuss like him to lift and shift trunks. When he got the chanst he used to read books by the dozen in the libraries and some one learned him about religion. He tried to learn it to me but I could n't understand much of it.

"City life did n't seem to agree good with Graw, and he got thin and rotten-looking and coughed a whole lot. Just the same he kept on eating up books and going to night school when he got time.

"All at onct he got sick. He came home one night and went to bed and coughed most terrible; I went out and got a doctor and he looked Graw over and could n't make nothing of what was up with him, when he was gone out Graw he calls to me and I came out of the entry and goes in and sits on the bed.

"'Ted,' says he, 'the Doc, he does n't know what I have but I do all right. I've got to be the way that sailor-Ted was, not drowned but, dead like him.'

"'The hell,' I says, 'you ain't going to croak?'

"'I am,' he goes on, 'and what's more it's going to be soon. You've done a lot for me, Ted, and I ain't done nothing for you ——'

"'But,' says I, 'you forget how you nursed ——'

"'Shut up,' says he coughing, 'I want you to do one more thing for me when I've kicked the bucket. I've got about fifty dollars saved up from my wages. You take it and, *promise me this,*' I nodded 'yes,' 'and get it to Kitty Macmorrow for her and her lame mother, but don't say where it come from. See?' I nodded.

"'Has she promised to marry you?' I asks.

"'No,' says he turning over to the wall.

"'Have you asked her?' I says.

"'No!' says he.

"'And why not?' says I, 'I seen you were struck on her for a long time.'

"'Yes,' he says, 'but I knowed I was sick, and she does n't know I'm struck on her, and what's more I could n't never marry her for she ain't for the likes of me.'

"'Not for the likes of you,' I yells; 'ar'n't you good enough for her?'

"He shook his head.

"'By God, Graw, you're the best cuss I ever knew, and I've known a heap of men. Why she ain't any more than a chamber-maid in a hotel.'

"'She ain't for the likes of me,' he says and gets up out of bed and curls himself up on the floor.

"'Get up Graw,' says I gentle like, for he was crying.

"'No,' he moans, 'it's more like the island laying on the flat, only the ground is hard here and it was soft there. — Go to bed Ted. You

get that money out of my pants pocket and do what you promised. Good night.' Then he curls himself up and seems to be asleep.

"I got to bed, I was dog tired that night, and fell to sleep quickly. Once I woke a bit and heard Graw talking in his sleep, 'She ain't for the likes of me — Oh God — I ain't wholly a —' then he coughs most horrid.

"In the morning he was sleeping curled up with his face buried in his arms and I sneaked out without waking him. When I came back that night he was just the same way only he was n't sleeping any more.

"I'd promised, so I got the money to the girl as Graw wanted; it was a few days after I had buried him. I moved out of the old room and took another cheaper one. Then I lost my job. I thought just by chance of Graw's old place, found it still unfilled and got it. When I met Kitty Macmorrow the first time since Graw died she spoke of him and when she did it I see that she never really had love for him, but I saw what made him love her.

"Inside a month I was dead struck on her. She was a fine girl. I wanted awful bad to marry her, but I did n't dare ask her somehow or other. All I did was try to show her in lots of ways that I was struck on her. I'm sure she never thought twice of me.

"One Sunday afternoon I went up to her house and asked her to go up with me to Bronx Park to the Zoo. She said she was fond of animals and accepted my invite. It's a long ride in the elevated out there and we laughed and talked and looked out of the windows all the way out.

"The place was fine. Deers and stags all out in the fields, fenced in you know, and mush-rats and birds and all sorts of things. As we were walking along I seen a sign beside the path, it had an arrow pointing and "To the Primate House," was printed on it.

"'What's Primates,' says Miss Macmorrow.

"'I don't know,' says I, 'let's go see. They can't be worse than snakes.'

"So away we went. The 'Primates' were no more than a whole lot of monkeys in cages; most of them were asleep. We were standing looking at a couple of big ones who were awake.

"Ain't they just like a couple of Irishmen?" says Miss Macmorrow. And just as she spoke one of those monkeys turned to the other and says to him one word in Graw's language. Then I knew the whole thing, and if Graw was n't a good enough man for her, I, who was n't half as good as him, was n't good enough for her either.

"When we went back to the city I didn't have nothing to talk about although Miss Macmorrow did, and I left her at her door still laughing over the Irish-faced apes.

"Next day I shipped on a coal schooner and

that will be my trade, I guess, until I follow to where Graw is, if I'm good enough."

Quagley pushed his chair back from the table and got up stiffly, "Let's get some grub," he said. We stood aside to let some fellows come in.

"Tell me," I asked, "what was the word that monkey said to the other in Graw-talk?"

"Pomath," said he turning to look up at me and the little monkey, on the shelf close by, huddled, shivering, terror stricken in the corner of his cage.

E. R. Little.

## To Jane.

JANE, I cannot sing your praises,  
Nor compare you with the sun  
Shining through his many phases  
Till his daily course is run —  
Jane, the Muse averts her glances,  
Turns my mind from pretty fancies,  
Coldly bids me poetry shun.—  
Spite of all these circumstances,  
Jane, I've finished stanza one.

Jane, I have an inspiration  
Far above the common rut,  
Let me grasp this lucubration,  
Ere the Muse the portals shut —  
"White as sugar" — no, that's rotten,  
"White as flour" — oh, tut, tut,  
"White as snow combined with cotton  
Is that garment you have got on —  
"Bright as — bright as something, but  
"Something I have quite forgotten  
"Light as — darn it, light as *what*?"

Jane, my thoughts are in confusion,  
Shunned by inspiration's touch;  
Don't you think that this effusion,  
Might as well be done in Dutch?  
Poets devoid of inspiration,  
Should not aim above their station,  
Pegasus is not for such.  
This shall be my declaration:  
"Jane, I like you very much!"

T. Y.



## College Kodaks.

THE bridge was long — a study in perspective of railings, sidewalks, car tracks and the long intervals of electric lights against the blackness of the sky and reflected in the blackness of the water: my foot beats echoed down this perspective, louder and louder in their monotony.

At the drawbridge, a man stepped out of a shadow. A shining barrel, which glittered like a diamond and which he put against my ribs with a half crooked arm, made the flesh beneath its pressure quiver like a horse's flank. My breath, uncontrolled, exploded through my teeth and the refilling of my lungs seemed to take a century.

"Cough up!" said the man. His breath was near and hot and unfragrant with liquor. In his greasy tie was a pin; on it one word — "Jim." I saw it there and a soft, warm feeling filled my body: I felt like a cat being stroked. "Jim!" cried I.

He gasped. I felt the gun turn down. Then the evil look came back into his eyes and I knew he would put the tickly muzzle against my rib again so I smashed at him — hard — on the jaw — below the mouth. I felt his teeth cut into my knuckles. His eyes, bloodshot, rolled up, he slid out, horizontally, through the air. It was fine! I was surprised I could see so much. He crashed on to the boards, with his legs pulled up, clutched at his bleeding mouth and chattered like a foul beast. The shooting iron, at my feet, still sparkled. I picked it up.

"Don't shoot, damn you!" he shrieked.

"Get!" said I; "no! the other way — Boston." So we parted company. The handle of the revolver was still warm. Jim had held it in his greasy hand.

The Kneisel Quartet was rendering one of Tschaiowsky's best and the little room was packed with enthusiasts in the last stages of musical exhilaration. Everywhere tense white faces were strained and intent and deep-set eyes

of genius peered hotly through flowing hair. Now and then one of the artists would run his long taper fingers through it, sighing softly and inconspicuously. Even the smokers pulled silently on their weeds, for the least sound sent a shiver through the sensitive audience. As the last bars sighed through the smoky room I took out a match. There was a harsh, scraping sound, then a flash, and the spell was broken. Wild eyes glared at me and my cigarette through waves of rippling hair and the man on my left hissed — "Bête, animal! you haf no soul!"

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It was so warm I stayed out on the back platform. There were three other passengers inside, two of them asleep. I glanced at the conductor as he rang in my fare; evidently he was a new one. The gold braid on his cap looked quite fresh and, besides, he wore a light brown suit of clothes. "Not many people out at this time of night," I said.

"Naw," he answered. Then we entered in upon an interesting conversation. I gathered from what he said, broken every now and then by his howling the name of a street, that he had had the job a couple of weeks; he was trying to save up enough money to hire a little house "up to Roxbury." Several times he spoke very affectionately of his "girl."

"She lives out here in der port," he said, "*Laysfayette Square, Laysfayette!* She'll get on in er while. Always rides on dis car every night, 'cause we don't get no other chanst now to see each oder. *Central Square and Prospect Street — Central Square next.*"

A large red faced woman climbed up the step.

"Hello Ma," said the conductor.

"Hello Jim," she said, "here's your sandwiches."

"Dat's me girl," said Jim to me as he rang the bell twice.

## The Mermaid and the Schooner "Scud."

"DAN'L, Dan'l, I'm afeard you're a liar," said the first old salt to the second old salt regretfully. "It don't taste right to call you that when I'm a-drinkin' your good beer, but jest the same no mermaid never talked—not even a she-mermaid."

"Well, all mermaids is she-ones," grumbled old salt No. 2, "an' wot do you know about mermaids anyhow?"

"Oh not much, not much, Dan'l, but I knowed one onct an' she never talked—all the time I knowed her she never said a word—jest smiled sorter sweet, like I. would if you was to order some more beer."

Dan'l ignored the hint.

"Well, as I was a-tellin' you," went on the old man, "I knowed her when I was on the little "Scud." It was like this. We was in the Dol-drums—not even driftin', it was that hot—but the Cap'n allers kept a lookout at the masthead. He said it was safer, an' besides it shaded the deck some. Why he useter foller the shadder all over a-tryin' to keep cool. The lookout he said 't was n't fair to put him any nearer the sun, and he allers squirmed a lot, so's to make his shadder wiggly an' hard to foller round."

"One day it was jest noontime an' the Cap'n was gettin' mad 'cause the shadder ran right down the mast an' the deck was so hot he could n't sit on it, when George (he was the lookout) yelled down, a-wavin' his hand:—

"'Mermaid ahoy, on the port bow!'

"'Wot's that?' says the Cap'n sarcastic like, 'where'd you get your licker, George?'

"But George he yells the same thing agen.

"'Ow do you know it's a mermaid?' inquires the Cap'n.

"'By her clo'es,' says George.

"'Wot's she got on?' says the Cap'n agen.

"George he simpers a little—'Mostly blue serge, Cap'n,' he says.

"The Cap'n gets his glass, an' soon we all sees her. She sure was a peach. Long, easy strokes she was takin', an' all the time a-smilin' an' a-combin' of her wavy yaller hair. We seen George was right about her clo'es. Arter a

while she gets up reel close, an' George he calls out:—

"'Cap'n I wanter come down offer the mast-head.'

"'I order you to stay,' says the Cap'n, 'there's enough on deck already.' An' he glares round at us fierce like. 'Go below, all,' says he, 'this is a dellicit matter an' I must talk with the lady in private.'

"So over the rail he leans an' gives her wot he thought was a fascinatin' smile.

"'Don't be afeard, my dear,' he says, 'I got a purty little gal at home wot looks jest like you.'

"'You ain't,' says the cook, 'she would n't 'ave yer!'

"'Go below, sir, an' mind your own bisness,' thundered the Cap'n. 'An' you go too, Sam'l,' he yells at me.

"'I can't, Cap'n,' I says, as she was a-smilin' bewitchin'ly at me, 'I reely gotter swob the deck.'

"But it war n't no use an' down I had ter go. We was all down in the fo'c's'le a-cursin' him when down comes George all in a heap, an' we seen the Cap'n's boot sil'ouetted agenst the sky.

"'Boys,' says George when he was himself agen, 'it's simply outragis—that's wot it is. I was a-settin' on the masthead an' she a-smilin' up at me jest like a stained-glass winder, so wot could I do but smile back? The Cap'n he seen me. "George," says he, reel soft, "come down here, George, an' help me talk to the lady." W'en I got down he grabbed me by the neck an' kicked me down the hatch, like you seen. "Take that," he says, "fer flirtin'."

"While we was all sympathizin' with George cook he sneaked up to the hatch an' peeked at the Cap'n.

"'Wot's the old man doin'?' we asks, as he come back sudden.

"'He's a-winkin' at 'er an' holdin' out a couple of pertaters to 'er. "Come 'ere, my dear," he says, "an' have somethin' nourishin' with me." When he seen me he throwed one of the pertaters at my head an' that's why I came down.'

"Well, we all stayed in the fo'c's'le till mess,

while the Cap'n was a-tryin' to fascinate the mermaid. When he let us come on deck agen he was hoppin' mad an' the skin was all burnt off his bald head where he'd had his hat off.

"'Wot did she say to you, Cap'n?' I asked him.

"'Nothin',' he says, 'an' you can do the same.'

"There she was floatin' peaceful, still smilin' a-combin' of her hair that was spread all round her like a fish-net. I never seen a purtier sight. George he fell right in love with her.

"'I knowed it,' he says, 'I knowed the minit I seed her she was my affinity.'

"'She ain't got no fin wot I can see,' says the cook, jealous, 'an' she ain't *your* nothin'. I likes her a little myself.'

George he got mad.

"'Look-a-here, Cook,' he says, 'oos' mermaid is she anyhow? 'Oo seen her first? I did, he says, 'an', she smiled at me an' held out 'er shinin' arms to me. You wanter look out."

"'For the matter o' that she smiled at me, too, an' ev'ry other A. B. on board,' says the cook, but he could n't worry George.

"'Well she must 'ave thought they was me,' he says.

"That night the Cap'n sent us below agen an we could hear him talkin' to her an' flirtin' outragis, but she did n't seem to have nothin' to do with him. Arter about an hour of this George he jumps out of his bunk an' gets his jack-knife.

"'Don't kill 'im, George,' says the cook, 'he don't mean no harm.'

"'I ain't. I'm a-cuttin' a little hole so's I can see my affinity,' says George, an' soon he had one cut jest above the water-line about three inches square. Then he stuck his lips an' one eye out an' gave a long low whistle. She come jest like a dorg.

"'Don't you listen to that nasty old Capten,' he says to her soft an' sweet, 'come up here reel close.'

"I'll draw a curtin over the tender passages that ensued. Suffice it ter say that we did n't get no sleep that night for George an' his affinity. The next morning he stuffed up the hole with his other shirt, the red one with big yaller spots, before we went on deck.

"'Men,' says the Cap'n callin' us all up ter the quarter-deck, 'I hopes none of you is so dead to all moral obligations as to be talkin' or communicatin' with that shameless critter. Last night, in the still night watches,' he says, 'it seemed to me as if I heard words of love addressed to her from the fo'c's'le. This is a schooner we're on,' he says, 'an' not a spooner, an' if ——'

"'Oh Lawd!' gasps the cook, 'look at 'er! — Jest look at 'er! She's done it now!'

"He falls in a fit an' we all leans over the port rail. She was a-lookin' scandalus, but I had ter laff.

"'George,' asks the Cap'n in an orful voice, 'is that *your* garment she is a-wearin', may I ask?'

"Sure enough she'd pinched the red an' yaller clo'es wot George had stuffed the hole with, an' was puttin' it on, graceful an' smilin'.

"'Oh George, George, wot does it mean?' says the Cap'n, mournful this time, 'an' you with one wife at 'ome.'

"'Huh, wot's one wife to a man like me?' asks George defiant an' immoral, an' Lord knows wot else he'd have said if somethin' sudden had n't happened. The little 'Scud' gave a lurch to port, an' we all jumped over to the starboard rail. Then she listed that way an' began to go down by the head. We could hear the water chuggin' in fo'c's'le.

"'Lord forgive me, it's the hole I cut,' yells George, 'we're all drowned men!'

"You see it was this way, when we all rushed over to the port rail arter she'd taken out George's wearin' apparel it must have just put that hole below the water-line, an' down we had to go.

"'Man the boat!' says the Cap'n, an' we only pulled clear in time to see the little 'Scud' whirl round twict with her stern in the air an' go down with a swish.

"Wot became of the mermaid, youa sks, Dan'l? Why do n't you want ter know wot become of us? We was picked up next day by a Cape Horner an' the last we ever seen of that mermaid she was takin' her long easy stroke to the eastward with the first pink rays of the risin' sun a-lightin' up George's red an' yaller garment."

Sidney Greenfield.

## Heroes in the Fifteenth.

THE boys were all in Graustein's saloon discussing the pending election, for which the canvass had been exceptionally close and exciting. The two rival candidates, though opposites of each other in most respects, were both young men immensely popular on all the street corners, in all the tenements and saloons of the fifteenth ward. Jim O'Donnell was treating to drinks after the custom long established for ambitious politicians. It was only seven o'clock in the evening, so that his black suit, carefully brushed derby, sparkling shirt stud, and general dressed-up, sporty appearance looked somewhat odd in that dirty, rough-clad gathering. Deliberately licking the froth off his waxed mustache, he straightened up from his reclining posture and addressed the man next him.

"Tom, how d'yer think it stands to-day?"

"I don' know."

"What d'yer think, then?"

"I think 't had been a damn sight better if Jack — if 't had n't been fer the runaway. They all think he's the whole shootin' match now."

"Sure!" interposed a burly teamster in a stentorian voice, "yer a gent, a' right Jim O'D., an' it's on yerself I'm drinkin, *but* — Jack McGrath's a brave man an' I don' mind tellin' yer."

"He's thot!" came enthusiastically from numerous listeners.

"Ah! Ah! He iss a veery brave man. Safe ze ladies!" exploded a "Dago," and the other Italians all cried, "Brava!"

Then the door was pushed open and a young giant, still in his old overalls, strode awkwardly into the room. Every man there pushed his schooner aside, those who were seated at the tables rose; it was a spontaneous ovation. The man flushed.

"The boys all drink on me," he said to the bartender.

"No!" exclaimed the big teamster, pushing forward and gripping the young fellow's hand, "this day 'tis yer right to drink on the crowd, my boy!"

But Jim, quick to make the best of a bad job, seized the other hand, declaring, "No! yer all

drink again on Jim O'D. to Jack McGrath, who's a brave man an' a rival I'm proud to contend against."

"Brava! Brava!" called the Italians. "Gut!" grunted the German saloon keeper.

Everyone crowded about Jack to shake his hand and say a word of praise. Jack was at once happy, embarrassed, bewildered. "I could n't help it. I could n't stand an' see the ladies killed. 'T was nothin' much," he protested.

During the confusion of hailing the new-made hero, Jim O'D. and Tom Murphy, his backer, slipped out and held a solemn conference on the sidewalk. Jim was disposed to be angry at the desertion of men who had always supported him and the machine behind him, a resentment which Tom did his utmost to stay before it should cause damage.

"Yer did just right, Jim, about standin' fer the drinks. The boys like yer an' they'd never cut if 't had n't been just this way. Yer see Jack's the real thing now, an out an' out *hero*. Perhaps yer'd better leave him have it. 'T would look so kind of square they'd all be ready to give yer a lift next year."

"No! We've spent too much time an' money! Never!" He gave his lavender tie a twitch.

"Then yer goin' to be licked."

"Not by a damned sight! Jack's got no patent on that life savin' cinch. Find me someone to rescue, Tom!"

"Hell! What d'yer mean?"

"What I say — I'm goin' to save someone an' be the real thing myself."

"Who? — Say, yer could n't coax Dolly Glynn to do it? She'd cut more ice than all the strange women on earth."

Jim's hand went to the lip of his curled mustache. "I might, though," said he. "I'll try it anyhow."

"It's yer only hope, Jim. Yer see, she's in the hero business herself. The fifteenth don't forget how she saved that kid in the big fire, an' how she got burned doin' it. The people all love her, Jim, an' they're damned right."

At half past seven, there issued from the doorway of a wooden tenement on a wretched side street Mr. James Augustus O'Donnell and Miss Dolly Glynn, a pretty Irish girl with a hat whose splendor contrasted strangely with the building—for Dolly, in spite of all her heroism, was very human in honest fifteenth fashion. They pushed their way through the heaps of dirty, tumbling children and squabbling boys, past the knots of women chatting or nursing their babies, up to the main street; then down the main street by the line of saloons, barber shops, shooting galleries, and cheap restaurants, up town, for that night they were to indulge in true, reserved seats, not at a fifteenth "Museum," but in the second balcony of a fashionable theatre. Dolly was simply bent on making the most of her good time; James had deeper plans.

In his onslaught James O'Donnell combined the wiles of lover and ward politician. Between the first two acts he explained how he must be defeated by this chance heroism of McGrath, and, just as the curtain went up, suggested that the only remedy was for him to play the same part. During the next intermission he showed that, with the trial coming in three days, a man must not trust to Fortune. She asked anxiously what he proposed to do.

"I might help things along, fix a chance!" he replied.

"Oh! would that be fair?—*How?*"

Between the third and fourth acts he settles down to love making. "I want to be councilman, all right, Dolly, but not for myself."

"Who, then?"

"Oh, some girl near me. Honest now, would n't you like me to win?"

By the time Dolly was home again in the old tenement her scruples had faded quite away. No one could call that a crime, it was so good a joke; it meant everything to Jim and now—everything to her.

The election was fixed for the approaching Tuesday. Sunday Jim and Tom fell in with the crowd and went to the great state beach just outside the city, Reserve beach, as it is called. Here it is no unusual thing for ten thousand people to go in bathing on a single hot day. The two ends got a fifty-cent dinner at a small

café which specialized in clam chowder and pink ice cream. Then they sauntered up toward the bathing pavilion, for Jim had decided to take a swim at two o'clock, when the crowd would be at its largest. While his principal was dressing Tom strolled around with seeming aimlessness, but, when Jim reappeared, he was prepared to tip him a significant wink and point to a figure far out beyond most of the bathers. Mr. James plunged in and began to swim slowly in that direction.

Now the figure swam still further and further out, but with such evident self-assurance that no one paid any particular attention. At last Jim was out to the last regular line of bathers, and there he rested a few moments: the lone figure was about a hundred and fifty feet further out still.

Suddenly there was a wild shriek and a woman's voice cried, "Help! Help! Help!" Everyone gazed in blank horror. There was the daring swimmer frantically struggling to keep afloat. One more shriek, her arms went up over her head and she sank.

Several men started out at a desperate pace, but, in an instant, Jim, who had long been famous for his powerful side stroke, forged far ahead, and the rest followed after, too fascinated by watching this race for life to swim fast. Nearly a hundred feet were gone when the figure rose—but she sank the second time.

Jim still swam at full speed, now the speed of genuine terror for he felt a contracting and stiffening which warned him of a cramp. Each stroke was cruel pain, it seemed as though he could not take another. Three more wild reaches; he could not take another for worlds. The pain cut like a sharp blade, it convulsed him, the muscle tightened into a knot of fire. Directly in front of him rose Dolly for the third and last time, right cheerful but rather out of breath.

"Dolly! Dolly!" he gasped. The roaring in his ears seemed to drown his voice, he could already feel the anguish of the water choking, suffocating him. "Dolly! I've a cramp! Save me!" and he disappeared beneath the surface. This was no joke.

When he came up Dolly grabbed him by the hair. "Never mind, Jim," she urged, beginning to tow him ashore, "you'll finish 'em all next trip, dear!"

*H. W. Bennett.*



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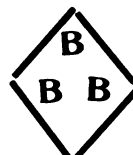
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# THE HARVARD ADVOCATE

VOLUME LXXIV.—No. 2

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# THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. LXXIV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 31, 1902.

No. 2

THE ADVOCATE is published fortnightly during the College Year. Terms, \$2.50 a year, IN ADVANCE. Single copies, 15 cents. For sale in Cambridge at Amee's and Thurston's. In Boston, at Damrell, Upham & Co.'s, cor. School and Washington Streets.

All communications, contributions and subscriptions should be sent to the HARVARD ADVOCATE, The Harvard Union, Cambridge.

Office hours:

Literary,—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 1.30 to 2.30 p. m.

Business,—Monday and Thursday, 7 to 7.30 p. m.

Subscribers who do not receive their numbers will confer a favor by notifying the Business Manager.

Printed by Edward W. Wheeler, Cambridge, Mass.

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THE subject of concerted cheering at games and the kind of enthusiasm, natural or stimulated, which is having its dynasty here, is becoming more and more discussed. The question of how the college shall show its enthusiasm for its teams and their play and whether the college should deliberately go to work to induce enthusiasm at all, is so complicated, so lacking in any common ground or definite issue, that one cannot treat the subject with generalities and wide inclusive opinions.

All hands will admit, we think, that there is some value in concerted, congregational and partisan enthusiasm. College without it would have had a much slighter influence upon us. For this reason even the concerted cheer seems a natural and permanent institution, and all must agree that the concerted cheering of to-day is better, in itself, than ever before.

On the other hand there are a considerable number of men, perhaps in the minority, who, though they hesitate to express themselves, feeling that cold water slinging is always a disagreeable task, yet do, in fact, feel very strongly that, in this excitement for more and more enthusiasm, we may have already passed over the boundaries of good taste and, perhaps of sincerity. These men feel for instance that the rehearsing of cheers carried on periodically to reach a perfection of technique is in danger of becoming odious to most of us, so that a final realization might come, calling out to us that we are disgusted with our own enthusiasm, and alas! have lost our powers of spontaneity. The critics advocate strongly all rehearsing of songs and cheers such as might spring up of itself at a yard concert, but, nevertheless, have a very honest disgust for the system of the tuning fork and elocutionary expressions of that joy which comes when the blood quickens.

It is also pointed out quite truthfully that the din of constant and meaningless cheering, does no good to the players according to their own statement, offends many graduates who cannot be laughed at for over conservatism and only serves to amuse the high school enthusiast who wears a red pin on her hat. Better a thousand times, say some, to have no cheering at all than to give vent as a body to an expression of nothing, for nothing, and because of nothing

in the name of zeal and spirit, or to suppress the beauty and warm individual expression which is natural to all of us when our team has made a touchdown or is fighting its way through a critical moment.

Whatever virtue there may be in these warnings they are at least upon the side of decent reserve and moderation and will help to keep us from falling deeper into any mistakes of garishness which we may have already made. Best of all they will serve, we hope, to check a tendency to defeat our own ends,—the tendency toward killing our real spontaneous enthusiasm by a stimulated and partly shoddy fervor.

WITH the advance of the football season comes the problem of getting suitable songs, for the custom of singing at the Yale game has proven too effective to be given up. True, there are not a few men in college who prefer the dignity of silence, who feel that there is something common and showy in the uproar, as in an advertisement, and to whom the winning of a game is unwelcome if it must be obtained by a sacrifice of decorum. But such men are in a minority, and, though the admission costs a blush, we must grant that Harvard, the latter-day Harvard, is out to win.

So all men will agree that we must sing, but it is to be hoped that our songs, unlike those of last autumn, may not do violence to such feeling for dignity and propriety as remains in the University.

For there never was more bombast, pomp and

gilded twaddle on a single sheet than on the page of last year's songs. That they were accepted patiently and sung obediently is proof that all realized how great was the necessity of concord. There was much to be done, and short time to act. Poems were written in the fever of the moment, rushed to press, spread broadcast to be learned, and, behind a hired band, they made as formidable a volume of sound as ever cheered a champion to victory.

The wording of these poems was atrocious. Grandiosity stalked abroad in every line, blatant and artificial pomposity showed in each phrase. No mediaeval ballad, no Spanish romance, no dime novel was ever more garnished and decked with verbal magnificence. "The Crimson Hosts" "slogans" "the Crimson glory" "a legion stanch and true," these are the phrases which make us sniff at the recollection of an otherwise healthy football victory; and it was the shame of them and others like them which checked the amused smile of a certain senior when he heard a crowd of Western college men shout that they would "die for dear old Berion."

This autumn we can do differently, for we have time, we have poets, we have a certain excellence of public taste, real or assumed. We shall not address high-flown language to the team, which fits them as would purple robes or bucklers and helmet. We shall hope for some songs in college phrase and to rattling music, which may be of assistance to eleven healthy-minded fellows who are scrapping it out to the best of their ability in the mud. And now is the time for such songs to be written.

### *My Sanctuary.*

PALE stars hung in the deep'ning sky  
Like altar candles shining far  
Thro' some cathedral dim and high.

And to the eastward, round and faint  
Above the low hills, rose the moon  
Like the pure halo of a saint.

*Palfrey Perkins.*

## The Diary of a Sentimentalist.

IT seems very strange and far off, that old time of my intimacy with Warfield Ballenforth. As I now look over the diary of those days in college, I can hardly understand what sort of a creature I was then. But the record is full of deep interest to me, for the time it describes had no inconsiderable part in making me the sort of man I am now. Had I never known Ballenforth, I believe I should have missed a moulding touch of sympathy—of delight—of regret. And so, with a sort of antiquarian interest, I have gone through the old diary of twenty years ago, and brought together all the scattered entries that bear upon those days and upon my friendship with Warfield Ballenforth.

### I.

*Cambridge, November 21, 1880.*

To-day I met Warfield Ballenforth, one of the most interesting men I have seen since I came to college. From the moment I set eyes on him, I was attracted by an indescribable charm of look and manner. There is something in his large, quick-turning, poetic eyes that makes one know at once that this man is not of the commonplace type; and the acute, sensuous mouth, and delicate yet unquivering nostrils speak of a spirit dreamy, yet penetrating in its perceptions. I am sure that a stranger in the Yard would turn to look back at this tall, slender, but wonderfully graceful figure wandering down the path, and remember the black hair and dark, sculptured face, and unrevealing eyes. Ballenforth has, I think, the finest eyes in the world.

—Well, to-day I met him. I went into Blake's room and found Ballenforth there; and we were introduced to each other. In the new atmosphere of this place I am easily embarrassed, and the sudden shock of his keen individuality was enough to confuse me. For a moment I stammered and blushed; but he, with a few perfectly easy and controlled words, led me into a conversation in which I soon forgot my confusion. There was an unobtrusive tact in every word he spoke which at once put me at my ease.

I think his control of himself was so great that he almost calculated every slightest action with the profound foresight and care of a skilful chess player.

His charm, as I said, is indescribable; but it is even more potent for that reason. I am certainly going to try to see more of him and know him better; for I have seldom met a man who so strongly attracted me.

*December 3, 1880.*

I have had the greatest luck in the last few days about seeing Ballenforth. Several times I have met him in fellows' rooms and at the theatre; and once talked to him for quite a while. I like him more and more; and, to my great delight, he seems to like me. At this rate, I shall soon know him well.

*December 10, 1880.*

To-day Ballenforth and I took a long walk out around Fresh Pond, by those low tree-covered hills that always seem to be veiled in evening mist. Surely there is nothing like a walk to get people acquainted. I really feel now that we are close friends, and it pleases me ever so much. He is the most interesting fellow I ever knew.

*December 20, 1880.*

Several times during the last few days I have gone into Ballenforth's room late at night, when he was all alone, and sat with him until almost early morning. There is something strange about those mysterious hours of darkness when things do not seem quite real; and to talk quietly to such a man as Ballenforth at such a time gives one a feeling as of almost another world. For our talks are peculiar—eccentric—perhaps morbid. We sit half-dreamily for long hours over some dark-eyed, full-lipped woman of Rossetti's—some wandering melody of Shelley's verse—some mystical speculation of old Heracleitus. We seem to walk together in a fantastic garden, beautiful as with streams of gold and purple light; and it is Ballenforth that leads the way. His subtle mind finds paths that I cannot follow; his

eyes have visions whose splendor is of a richness beyond my powers of seeing. His flights of fancy, even when dulled by words, bewilder me. What a poet he would have made if his verse did not lack power to express the unearthly beauty of his visions! But to-night, when we sat all alone beside the fire,—when I heard his voice and saw his eyes,—when the vast stillness and darkness shut out all else,—then at last I could dimly see the beauties which he beheld with unclouded eyes. In this strange mood, I could almost follow his flowing thought, as a word, a look, an expression changed and shifted with the vision in his mind.

*January 11, 1881.*

I have been feeling lately that, just as our manner of acquaintance has been different from that of other people, so is our friendship. For, I believe, it is not given to many to know a friend as closely as Ballenforth and I know each other. The midnight charm of our meetings seems to have wrought its power; and there is between us a bond of almost perfect sympathy. Over and over again, a strain of music, a lyric line, a wonderful thought, arouses in us both emotions which it needs no words to tell us are the same. Only to-day when Professor Forbes read, as an illustration in English 58, a fragment of Shelley's "Prometheus," I saw in Ballenforth's face an answering thrill each time that I felt the touch of a haunting chord of spirit-melody. He looked at me, and no words could have given us such complete communication. It is as if the hopeless bar that shuts out each man from his fellows had been broken down between us.

*January 26, 1881.*

I have often noticed Ballenforth's power and delight in managing men; but to-day he gave an almost marvelous exhibition of it. I was in his room this afternoon with a crowd of other fellows, idly sitting around the fire and talking. All at once I noticed that Ballenforth was up to something. He glanced significantly at me; and, obeying his signal, I watched him in silence. In a moment I saw that, by delicate suggestions and unapparent guidings, he was directing the

actions of the room full of fellows in a way unperceived by any of them. He singled out two from the dozen and kept them behind while he sent the rest away; and not one of them dreamed that Ballenforth had anything to do with their movements. I don't understand his skill, but sometimes I seem to catch glimpses of the machinery he uses:—how he leads the conversation to a certain subject which will suggest a certain idea to the minds of his hearers. I have noticed that he takes great pleasure of this study of action and reaction in the minds of men.

*March 6, 1881.*

I have just come back from hearing "Die Walküre" with Ballenforth and never before was so deeply stirred. Lucienne de Vari seemed to be the real "Brünnhilde," and about her hung all the pale proud loveliness and ringing cloud-voice of the dark god's-daughter. The music throughout was like the song of deep forests and stormy mountains and fierce lightnings. Doom and death and the unearthly battle cries of the "Walküre" swept over it bewilderingly. And then at last, on the high, sky-open, mysterious mountain, where the leaping jets of fire blended with the orchestra, and the vast clear air was one with "Brünnhilde's" singing, I felt an emotion I had never known.

As soon as it was over we hurried out. Ballenforth too, had been deeply thrilled by the sublimity of the drama and its aureole of music. Half sobbing and half laughing with overwrought excitement, he flung his arm about me, and we walked out to the Square in a maudlin condition, talking wildly and incoherently.

*May 17, 1881.*

To-day Warfield at last decided to accept my many times urged invitation to come and visit me during the summer. His family is going abroad late in August, so he says he can come then. I am very happy over it, for we will have splendid times together.

## II.

*Coopersville, Virginia, August 26, 1881.*

At last Warfield has come. He is in his room

now, brushing the dust of travel off of his clothes. I met him at the station with the runabout and drove him up a few minutes ago. It seems very good to have him here at last.

To-morrow I must take him to call on Helen. She is sure to be interested in him, especially as I have told her so much about him. I hope that they will like each other as well as I like them both. Probably now that Warfield is here I cannot see as much of her as before; but I guess I have monopolized her enough not to mind.

*August 27, 1881.*

This afternoon I took Warfield to call on Helen. Her pale green dress made her look more dryad-like than ever. I think she seems to like Warfield, but is rather puzzled by him.

While we were there, I suddenly saw that peculiar "studying" look come over Warfield's face, and I knew he was going to try one of his experiments. A moment later he let slip, as if by the most unconscious accident, something I had told him about Helen. Now, my remark had been harmless enough; — I would have said it to Helen herself; but it was one of the kind that has a nasty sound when repeated by someone else. I knew that Warfield had told this merely to see how it would react on Helen and on me; and I trembled for fear she would misconstrue my words and think that I had spoken lightly of her. I glanced at her quickly; and, thank heaven, she was not looking at me, for I must have appeared terribly confused and guilty. But to my great relief, and Warfield's evident disappointment, she unsuspectingly turned the conversation to something else.

I had been for a moment very much terrified, and my relief at this outcome was very great. But with it I felt rising within me a great anger at Ballenforth. His fondness for his little plots had almost put me in a position which might have spoiled the frank intimacy between Helen and me; and I saw no possible excuse for his thoughtlessness. As soon as we were alone I asked him, with indignant anger, what he meant by trying such an experiment. "It is the most contemptible thing I have ever heard of!" I

said, completely aroused. But he rather calmed me by apologizing very humbly and explaining that he had never thought I cared so much or would take it so seriously.

"She didn't take it seriously, you see," he said, and I could not deny it. But I am only half convinced that he had any right to do it. It seems to me very poor taste, to say the least. Still, it is no matter, just so he doesn't try it again. Perhaps, after all, I made a bit of a fool of myself in getting so furious about it.

### III.

*Cambridge, January 22, 1882.*

— I have just written a story, and I think it is good!

It was over a month ago that the plot came into my head. It happened to occur to me one day that some of the incidents of Ballenforth's visit of last summer were of a distinctly dramatic nature. Suddenly it flashed upon me that here was a good nucleus for a story. I did nothing with it then, but all this time the idea had been sticking in my head in a vague unshaped form. Half unconsciously, I have been working over the plot during this interval; and at last to-day I felt that I could put into words the series of pictures that made up the story in my imagination. The long awaited enthusiasm was upon me; I had a strange indefinable consciousness of the "fated hour." I seemed to feel that peculiar harmony of outward conditions and inward mood which is the nearest I ever have come to inspiration.

So directly after dinner to-night, to my own wonder, I found myself possessed of a strange creative energy. Page after page wrote itself without a pause, as if my long subconscious work had cleared away all waste, and the story stood out as a completed whole in my brain. Everything seemed to fall into place without need of planning or forethought. Even the title came to me of itself and I have called it —

"THE DRAMATIST."

I am too tired now to read it over and am going to bed.

*January 23, 1882.*

I have read over the story I wrote yesterday and am rather surprised at it. It really seems mighty good. Out of the trivial incident of Ballenforth and Helen, I have made a situation of some power. Instead of making Ballenforth a thoughtless fellow who, in his eagerness to try experiments, let slip a foolish remark of mine, I give his whole character a different tone. From the beginning of the story he wears the aspect of a deep, plotting man, who, with deliberate forethought, tries to cause a quarrel between Helen and me. He tells her, as if by accident, of an unpleasant love affair I had with a girl in Boston; and it is only her complete faith in me that prevents Ballenforth's plan from succeeding. Then I find out what he has done; we have a terrible quarrel; and he goes away, as inscrutable as ever. Even yet I do not fully understand his motives. "Perhaps this strange, deep student of human nature had been trying to study drama in miniature, on a stage of his own selection and with actors chosen by himself."

Thus the story ends. But what surprises me most is to see how keenly I have analyzed the character of the real Ballenforth, and how skillfully I have effected the few almost imperceptible changes that make the character of the Ballenforth of the story so uncanny. The resemblance is so close that there is no point in the story which one could select as distinctly false to Ballenforth's real character; yet I have managed to throw over the whole a dark veil of subtle insight and impenetrability. I have analyzed Ballenforth; I have slightly distorted some of his traits; and now I have before me a creature whose inscrutable power frightens me, like a second Frankenstein.

I have never before written anything with which I felt satisfied. It has almost the vividness of life:—it really is life seen with distorted vision. I feel, as never before of any of my work, that it is at last a serious attempt at literature.

*February 5, 1882.*

I am wondering now whether I had better show Warfield my story. Naturally I feel some hesitancy about doing so. When a man has

been your guest, you don't exactly like to tear him to pieces, and distort him, and put him into a very disagreeable part in a story. So I think, perhaps, I had better not let him see it.

I read the story to Henry Peer to-day, and he liked it the best of anything I have ever done. He really seemed quite astonished at it. "Why," he said, "I did n't know you could write like that; it's ripping." Henry thinks that Warfield could not possibly take offence at it; and I wish I could believe him.

*February 11, 1882.*

To-day a friend of father's — Mr. Ruggles, the publisher, came out to see me. It was very good of him to look me up this way.

When he asked me if I had written anything lately, I showed him "The Dramatist." To my surprise, he said he thought it was very good and offered to publish it in his magazine. Of course I wanted to let him have it at once; but somehow the thought of Ballenforth made me hesitate. So I told him that I would send it to him later if I could improve a few weak points; and he willingly consented.

Now I have been thinking over the matter, and have almost decided to read the story to Warfield the first chance I get. I have a vague dread of doing it; but I don't really see how he can mind. Still, I keep asking myself whether such a man as Ballenforth, who prides himself on his power of silently planning and directing the things about him, would not find a distorting analysis of his mechanisms and motives most unwelcome.

*February 12, 1882.*

This evening as I was sitting alone by my fire Ballenforth came in. I laid aside my book and we sat down for one of our long talks.

By some strange chance our conversation turned to Warfield's visit of last summer. We talked over the various good times we had had, and at last, with something of an effort, I said,—

"Do you mind, Warfield, if I read you a story I have written which brings in some of the incidents of last summer? Of course, you understand, it colors things very falsely to make the

plot come out right. I really am proud of the way I have made a Machiavellian story out of a trivial incident, and I want to see what you think of it."

As I spoke I trembled inwardly with excitement. But Ballenforth seemed to notice nothing, and answered perfectly naturally,—

"Of course I want to hear it ever so much."

I went to my desk and brought out the manuscript. Trying to conceal my embarrassment and nervousness, I sat down and began to read. Ballenforth did not take his eyes from the fire; and I went on and on, alternately gaining and losing my calmness. Once,—at the place where the story began to reveal the inscrutable nature of the man, Ballenforth gave a slight exclamation,—I did not know whether of surprise or amusement, or what. And at another point he broke in,—“I know that’s just what she thought of me. She distrusted me from the first.” At last the end came, to my great relief.

“You see,” I began nervously, “how I have changed the whole thing so as to make a story out of it, otherwise,—” I hesitated.

“Why, Oscar, it’s so funny!” said Ballenforth. And he laughed in a puzzling, exclamatory way.

“What do you think of it as a piece of writing?” I asked, to direct his attention away from the personal aspect of the thing.

“By far the best thing you have done,” he said decidedly. “There are one or two places where you can improve it; but as a whole it really has style. I don’t see how you did it.”

“Oh, it carried me along,” I said. “By the way, do you think there would be any possibility of anyone recognizing the characters if it were printed?”

“No, surely not”; Ballenforth said promptly, “no one ever thinks of me in that way,—as being able to manage people. You really ought to have it printed. It’s mighty good work.”

“Well, I am darn glad you like it,” I said, fast losing my embarrassment. “It was pretty hard to do,—to distort a thing as much as that; but I think it keeps the atmosphere of life.”

In a moment Ballenforth rose to go. My relief at the way he had taken the story was very great. I had instinctively feared that he would

resent this analysis of his traits. He is such a complexly sensitive man that I had not been able to calculate the effect on him, and had dreaded it. But now I am relieved. He seems to take the story merely as a story, and my apprehensions are over.

*February 15, 1882.*

I have not sent “The Dramatist” to Mr. Ruggles yet. It needs polishing in certain parts.

Warfield is as cordial as ever. I am perfectly sure that my premonitions were false.

*February 19, 1882.*

I stayed in Ballenforth’s room until quite late last night. We talked for a long time; and I read him my new poem,—“The House of Shadows.” He liked some parts of it, but did not care for the one or two lines which I thought good. One touch especially,—

“Like a flame of incense, curling  
Upward in delight,”

which I thought he would like most, did not seem to appeal to him.

*March 3, 1882.*

Ballenforth and I went together to-night to hear “Die Walküre.” We planned it some time ago, for we both were anxious to repeat our experience of last year, when we heard it together. Lucienne de Vari sang “Brünnhilde” again, with even more mystical fascination than ever. All through the opera I was again deeply stirred by the music, which almost glowed and flashed like colored jewels. Just as last year, I thrilled with an exquisite pain at the vaguely prophetic harmonies of “Brünnhilde’s” last song. I was running over with appreciation when the curtain fell; and as soon as we got outside the theatre, I burst out enthusiastically to Warfield. But he was rather unresponsive.

“Why,” I said, “did n’t you think it was even finer than last year? I never in my life heard such singing as she did in that last act. It took the breath right out of me!”

“Yes,” Ballenforth said, “I think it was better than last year. But somehow it does not affect me



in the way of making me want to rave over it." A wet blanket could not have dampened my ardor more, or surprised me as much. Both of us remained silent the rest of the way out to Cambridge.

*March 14, 1882.*

Ballenforth is certainly queer in some moods. He surprised and rather annoyed me to-day by his peculiar whim.

I went into his room after my 2.30 lecture, and found him busy in the midst of a lot of scattered papers. I carelessly picked up one, and seeing that it was part of a poem he was writing, I began to read it.—

"Let thy foam-light be our blessing,  
O most fair of starry ships.  
Pity us, forever pressing  
Mortal clay with mortal lips."

"Why, this is bully," I said. "Read me the rest of it."

"Give me that, please," Ballenforth said, looking up. "No, I want it; I did n't tell you you could read it."

"Why, you've let me see every line you ever wrote," I said, astonished.

"Well, this is something different; I am not going to show it to anybody," he said and thrust the manuscript into a drawer.

Confound him, he makes me tired, doing that sort of thing. Lately he has become too whimsical for any use. Only yesterday I was rather irritated by seeing him try to make me unconsciously tell him what I thought of Williams. I don't know why it should so provoke me to have him try his little experiments on me, but it does.

*April 3, 1882.*

This afternoon Ballenforth and I took one of our old walks to Waverly Oaks. We used to go there last year; but it seemed so different then.

Somehow our walk to-day saddened both of us. So many things Warfield says grate on my nerves,—are far from my thoughts and sympathies; and I think he feels the same about me. Our conversation was mournfully unsatisfactory throughout. I felt as if we were shouting across a chasm over which we could understand each other only imperfectly. —Last year we read "Childe Roland" together under one of the great oaks; but when I tried to quote it to-day Ballenforth was unresponsive, and I myself hated the sound of it. All the spontaneous sympathy between us is gone.

There was a glorious misty sunset as we walked back. Everything was veiled in gray and tinged with crimson. The oaks were black against the fire. We were rather silent and only looked at the west. I dreaded being alone with him in the dusk, voiceless as we were; so we took the car at Waverly.

I have done nothing this evening, for I feel very tired. My pipe and I have been alone here on the window seat. It is very quiet.

Half an hour ago I burned "The Dramatist." The sight of it was hateful to me; and I never could have turned again those pages which I saw shrivel one by one to black shivering ashes. In their living form they had shed into the depths of Ballenforth's character a light which, for all I know, may never have gleamed there before.

*Arthur Davison Ficke.*

### Extra to Mohawk.

OF all the stories that you might have heard from the trainmen who gathered about the stove in the Pittston roundhouse, there was one which they never mentioned until you had come fully into their confidence. But if you were favored, you might have listened with the others

while the oldest engineer in the group told soberly, between the puffs of his pipe, how Dave Otis tried and failed.

"Six or eight years ago, we Central people were havin' some lively tussles with the Short Line for the through passenger business. They

put on two new trains in the spring, meant for record breakers; and within three days the old man had extra gangs at work on every section of our track from here to Mohawk, gettin' ready to meet 'em. Joe Fuller had the eastern end of number five, the 'Erie Special,' then, from Athens to here; and one mornin' as he was backin' in, the old man himself came out and told him to see what he could do that day in the way of beatin' the Short Line's time across the State. We got the order here about the same time, and Dave Otis, who had the rest of the run took the paper and never said a word; just began goin' over old 1108 for a spring cleanin'. Dave was in the shops when they made 1108, and what he did n't know about her was n't worth mentionin'.

"Joe got in here thirty-five minutes ahead of his time, which was pretty good considerin' his short notice; but it left an hour for Dave to make. Dave had his son-in-law, Willis, firin' for him, and we thought they could do it sure, for there was never a pair of men worked together better. Dave got out of here less than a minute after Joe pulled in, and kept the wire hot with stations reportin' him; but we saw pretty soon it was no use. They made Mohawk in two hours and fifty minutes, beatin' all our records; but the whole run was n't up to the Short Line's time by ten minutes. That was pretty rough, but the worst of it was, it cost us Dave. He had been havin' heart spells, or somethin', and after that run he just dropped right down in the cab. Willis knew it would never do to let on, so he started to back out of the station himself, and smashed square into the out-goin' Southwestern Limited, tyin' up business for two hours.

"I never saw Dave after that. Some of the men said he came in here the next mornin' and shook hands all around without a word, lookin' just as he had the day before with that order in his hand. Willis is still here, runnin' a local passenger; but if he knows where Dave is, he never tells."

"Have n't you ever lowered that time?"

"No, I dunno as we ever tried. We get a little better curves and easier grades every year; but the miles are just about as long as they used to be. There's one or two better engines in

here now than 1108; but speed is not so much in the machine or the track as it is in the man. There'll come a time when we'll need a man like Dave, even more'n we do now; and men like Dave are scarce."

In the course of the six years that followed that day's terrible work, there was hardly a railroad machine shop east of the Mississippi where Dave had not been; and there was not one where he could stay. For three months he worked in the Short Line shops at Henley, under an assumed name, and his skill was the talk of the place; but that was too near home. Then he went south, finding work when he wanted it, loafing when he pleased, even tramping at times, always under the shadow of his disappointment, always wishing helplessly for what could never be again. Rumors of the Central's losing fight with the Short Line reached him, adding to the bitterness of his failure, until one day he knew that he had no choice; that, however much the Central needed him, he needed the Central more. The old sweeping curves and the spider-web bridges had been calling him, and the old instinct had answered them at last.

The blighted years had aged him and worn him; more than that, his old companions reckoned him with the dead: so that it was not strange that the master mechanic at Pittston, after remarking that he did n't run an employment bureau for tramps, gave him a job of shoveling in the sand house, and then wondered whether they really needed another man there. The decision was a fortunate one; fortunate for Dave, because his little remaining interest in life was with the Central; fortunate for the Central, because the prophecy of the old engineer was coming true.

At Mohawk, where the Short Line as well as the Central had a terminus, there was a piece of land which would have become railroad property long before, if the State had not taken an option on it with a view toward making it a park. Indeed, it had been suggested in railroad circles that the Legislature had taken that method of avoiding a decision in favor of either road; for that piece of land, utilized as a freight yard,

would mean a decided advantage in the matter of western freight business. There was a sensation, therefore, in the general offices at Athens one morning, when it came out incidentally by telephone that the Legislature, in extra session the night before, had returned this land unconditionally to the owner. There was only one thing to do, and not a moment to lose in doing it. Perhaps already the Short Line had a special racing to Mohawk. The vice-president spoke half a dozen words into his desk telephone, and up in the top of the station the head dispatcher, just going off at the close of the morning rush, came back with a jump and began the hardest five hours' work of his life. Down on track thirteen was the "Erie Special," with Joe Fuller as of old in the cab. Luckily, the through mails had arrived in good time. They uncoupled the train behind the express car, the vice-president and two or three directors climbed in, and in just forty-eight seconds from the time they got the message, Joe was pulling out the mail and express with orders for seventy-five an hour.

The head dispatcher, in his shirt sleeves, had taken charge of the whole line, and was utilizing every siding in both directions. In an unoccupied moment he called Henley, which was a junction point, and learned that the Short Line had sent a special fifteen minutes before. Everywhere on the Central system there was excitement. They were spiking the switches behind the side-tracked trains. Joe was doing finely, so the wire said; but the dispatcher was not satisfied. The second half of the run was worrying him. Whom would they put on from Pittston to Mohawk?

At Pittston, the master mechanic had them

run out 1504, fresh and bright. In addition to the questions the dispatcher was flinging over the wire at him, he had some misgivings of his own. He knew that there was not a man in the place that was fit for the run. Yet even as the roar of the special sounded, there came from the sand house, in a voice which made the older men turn pale:

"Willis, you git up there and fire 1108 for me; this is my run." It was Dave.

The master mechanic stared without speaking; then he said slowly,

"I don't know as I ought to let ye, but I guess it's our best chance."

Out upon the track whose every mark was as familiar to him as the scenes of yesterday; through the mountains where, in his last run, he had forgotten the pumps until it was too late to save cooling the boiler; on and on and on, seeing nothing but the track and the gauges, hearing only the roaring harmony of his old engine, with never a slackening for the wildest curves or the frailest bridges, he drove, until the dispatcher at Athens leaned back from the wire for the first time and wondered: for in all the Central's history there had been but one man who could make such time, and that was Dave Otis.

His old record was far behind him; he had crept up to and passed the Short Line's boasted regular time for the best part of the run, with every prospect of beating it at the finish; but the Short Line's special was an unknown quantity. The dispatcher sent a few remaining orders, and waited. Then came Henley on the wire: "I guess we've done them by ten minutes all right"; and a moment later from Mohawk, "5 sp. arr."

*J. M. Adams.*

### Three Plays.

THE orchestra stops in the midst of a bar, the curtain slides up, and we see the tap-room of a tavern. From the chimney on the left streams a shaft of vivid crimson light, like the red-fire in a celebration. Out of doors, the snow is falling dismally, in large handfuls. A group

of ragged revelers are drinking imaginary bumpers from brass lemonade-shakers, and the fat host, with much winking and thigh-slapping, is telling tales of boyish pranks to three or four village cronies, all red-nosed and thirsty. Suddenly, the whole side of the room shakes and

sways, the door is flung open and a man with long yellow curls rushes in. He is the Hero, pursued by the Watch, whose footsteps are heard outside. He looks about quickly and crouches behind a chair in the middle of the floor just as the Watch pour in and begin their search. They walk all about him, and one stumbles over his leg; but he is too well hidden, and soon sees them go trailing off on a wrong scent. No sooner has he come out from under the chair, than the Heroine enters the room, unchaperoned, and dressed in brown leather tights. Seeing a lady, the ruffians politely withdraw, the cronies bid a yawning good-night, and the two lovers are left alone in the crimson light as the curtain falls.

The next four acts are unimportant, add in no way to the plot, and can well be left out. But in the last, the Hero and the Heroine, with an army, invade France. Their camp, at one time, is hotly attacked, the English are driven back, and the Hero, struggling Homerically, is being dragged away by a score of frog-eating French soldiers, when the Heroine, clad in white, rushes out of the tent, sees how matters are going, and drops to her knees in prayer. Then in an instant, she seizes a spade, digs madly at a pile of dirt at one side and lets in the Atlantic Ocean, which seethes across the stage in a narrow rubber channel. The French flee in terror from the water, the day is saved, and the English begin their victorious march. French army after French army is defeated; Paris is captured and leveled to the ground. The play ends, finally, with the Hero on the throne of France, his bride at his side, the corpses of the Dauphin and the King on the ground, and the frantic, joyful shouts of the houseless citizens of Paris ringing in his ears.

## II

This time there are only three acts to be sat through, but they are the three tearful, nerve-racking acts of the Problem Play. We find in the first, the drawing-room of a barn-like English country mansion, with its gilt furniture, its pictureless walls, and its piano. Carefully and

nonchalantly seated on the furniture, are the blasé bejeweled guests, talking either scandal or horse-racing. In a neglected corner is a young girl with soulful eyes and a dainty complexion, an Heiress who has been led to believe that the slim youthful Lord, her host, is in love with her. The guests are laughing at the antics of a tipsy, red-nosed army officer, and do not see the Lord, who is sitting, some ten feet off, behind the piano, with a tall stately blonde of easy manners, evidently the Widow with the Past. But the Heiress sees, and sighs, as the Lord steals a kiss, smacks his lips, winks, and takes another. After a time, the guests meanwhile looking the other way, he proposes, and is thankfully accepted.

The next morning, the Lord and his mother are at breakfast in the ball-room. The table is set with French bread, pepper, salt, and water, but no butter; still the meal seems ample. Between mouthfuls, the Lord tears open a letter from a pile by his side, pulls out a bill, and curses the damned impertinence of these tradesmen. Suddenly, he jumps up with a letter, and to read it better, holds it as far away from him as possible: an unknown mortgage on the mansion has fallen due. At this point, the butler solemnly announces that the Widow and the army officer had eloped, taking with them the family jewels and plate. The Lord sees ruin: he thinks of the young Heiress, and his love returns. Just then, she happens in, and he declares his passion. The breakfast things are cleared away, tenderness and forgiveness shine from the Heiress' face, and as the moon slowly rises over the garden in the background, the two are seen sitting on a sofa, talking softly.

## III.

We recognize the Comic Opera on seeing a palm-covered island off Cape Cod, peopled by a few half-naked savages, twenty-five stunning Parisian Soubrettes, a sprinkling of Broadway dry-goods clerks, and a King. The King is dressed to represent a bottle of shoe-blackening, and, rightly enough, wears a crown, held upside-down at a rakish angle by a white elastic band. In a broad German accent he tells the Sou-

brettes of his intention to marry them all, sees the prime minister hovering about, becomes jealous, and is about to behead him when someone sees a patch of smoke on the far horizon. Instead of postponing the execution on this account, the King has it quickly performed. In a few minutes, a steam-yacht reaches the island, and a manacled millionaire from London steps ashore, followed by a double line of first-lieutenants. On seeing the King, they sing a "yo-ho" song, dance a horn-pipe, and then disperse to flirt with the natives, though no one has been introduced. Not to be outdone, the King, as a sign of welcome, turns back somersaults around the stage, and then appoints the millionaire to the position of prime minister, explaining his duties in a song entitled "That Pretty Little Rose in our Back-Yard."

After a time, the millionaire begins to tire of island life. With the help of a Hebrew sus-

pender seller, and two Eskimo clog-dancers, who have fallen on the island in a parachute, he inveigles the King into a game of blind-man's-buff and escapes with the Soubrettes before his eyes are free. Then he sails off to Paris. The King is brokenhearted over the loss of his intended brides, but still he bears up bravely. After a few flings at Mrs. Jack Gardner, the Subway, and the Roxbury Street Crossing, he jumps into an automobile and follows, disguised as a pretty Italian organ grinderess. The millionaire meets her in a box at the Opera, falls in love and marries her. But as soon as the ceremony is performed, the King discloses his identity, to the consternation of the millionaire, and to the great glee of the savages, the Soubrettes, the dry-goods clerks, the Eskimos, the suspender seller, and the dead prime minister, who all happen into the Moulin Rouge at that very moment.

*Chalkley Jay Hambleton.*

"We do not want New England dialect, 'he and she' stories or sonnets."—*From a speech at ADVOCATE reception to candidates.*

### Tew a Gal I seen daown tew Boston.

O H, purty maid whom once I seen revealed  
Daown tew Boston, cold and stern of brow,  
Not jest a-lookin' sorter anyhow,  
Like lots of other gals to whom I've kneeled.

Can't I hunt yeou up, and leave the plow?  
Fate, you cusséd critter, won't yeou yield?  
Or must I rot upon a dog-goned field  
And always milk a gol-darned yaller cow?

No! my ragin' buzzum can't be steeled  
Against yeou, purty vision, I allow;  
I'll hev a shave and larn a city bow  
And marry yeou and git my fate repealed.

By gosh! I'm goin' to taown, by heck, gol darn!  
Fate, yeou milk the cow and swab the barn!

## The Forlorn Hope.

THE Venezuelan revolutionary Committee sat in the hotel at Curacao — that Dutch island off the coast of Venezuela, where the famous liqueur comes from and the Venezuelan goes to when home gets hot for him. The members sat in a cloud of smoke. Bottles and glasses covered the table before them.

"Barboza, my boy," said member no. 1 — an old veteran who had grown gray in the smoke of committee meetings, "the 'Mercedes' has her sailing papers. The Dutch authorities found nothing suspicious on board."

"Oh, Lord!" chuckled Barboza — lawyer, merchant, journalist, soldier, cabinet minister. He was just now out of a job, consequently plotting for one. "Nothing suspicious! And she has five thousand mausers and a million shots on board for General Lopez! Nothing suspicious! Oh, Lord!"

"How was it managed?" inquired member no. 3, who was a fourth cousin of the wife of Lopez, the rebel chief and was convinced, therefore, of his fitness for public office.

"Easily," said the veteran, "most of the guns and cartridges were stowed below, carefully concealed by flour barrels and lard cans. I put a lot of champagne — carefully concealed by nothing at all — in the cabin. "Well." — the veteran chuckled hard, "the search began and ended in the cabin. You ought to have seen those Dutchmen. One who looked liked an owl that had stayed up all day, came on deck and fell over some guns, sewed up in a sack. 'What's that?' he hiccoughed, eyeing the bundle vindictively. I said it was lard."

"Lard!" gasped the fourth cousin, "what did the Dutchman say?"

"He — he said it was damned lumpy," chuckled the veteran. "Come in!"

A tall and handsome young officer entered the room. Barboza filled him a glass and handed it across the table. "To Captain Rosas," he said, "the leader of our forlorn hope."

"Thanks." The young officer wiped his moustache. "Gentlemen," he continued, "the wind

is good. The 'Mercedes' can sail within the hour. Have you more instructions?"

"None," said the veteran, "you know when and where to land. The rest we leave to your prudence, Captain, and to luck."

The Captain filled himself a second glass. "To the triumph of General Lopez," he said.

The glasses were emptied with a cheer.

Just before sundown the little "Mercedes" passed between the two old Dutch forts, that guard the entrance to Curacao harbor and was lost in the haze that hid the Venezuelan coast.

With lights out, the "Mercedes" crept along in the darkness, close to the huge black mass of the mountains. Groups of silent men lay about on her deck or peered nervously over the side toward the long dim coast. Rosas and the skipper stood near the helm.

"There!" said Rosas, suddenly, "see it?"

A single point of light shot out from the sombre background of the land. Up and down it moved, ghostly white against the darkness, then disappeared.

The skipper pointed the "Mercedes" toward the shore, and ran her into a small cove. On the beach a crowd of men were drawn up, in the glare of a single torch, which flashed into relief their dark faces and the glistening barrels of their rifles.

"What ship is that?" came in a hoarse voice from the beach.

"The 'Mercedes.'"

"Is Captain Rosas on board?"

"He is."

"I am Colonel Martinez," said the voice, "of General Lopez's staff."

A boat was lowered and Rosas was rowed ashore. About a hundred ragged fellows lined the beach, their officers pacing up and down before them with drawn "machetes." The work of landing began at once. For two hours boats plied between the "Mercedes" and the shore, loaded high with guns and boxes of cartridges. As they grated on the sand, half-naked soldiers

dragged the bales and boxes to the long lines of waiting pack-donkeys and made them fast, in a silent frenzy of haste. Not a word was spoken. The red streaks of dawn were in the East as the last boat struck the sand. A dozen men, streaming with perspiration, waded toward her. The red streaks crept over the sky. "Quick, for God's sake!" said Rosas.

A hoarse word of command rang suddenly from the bushes, followed by a roar of musketry. With a curse, Rosas dropped bleeding across a box of cartridges.

"To arms!" — shouted Martinez, "quick — fall in — load — fire — charge!" Answering volley for volley, his men plunged toward the bushes. A mad yell and the deadly swish of the "machetes" told that they had found the enemy.

The dawn crept over the waters of the cove, lighting up the little "Mercedes" and the body-strewn beach with ghastly clearness. Captain Rosas lay across the blood-stained box of cartridges, dead.

Once more the Curacoa committee sat amid the smoke of conspiracy, amid the bottles and

the glasses and the gray ash-heaps on the table. Barboza, the ex-journalist, laid down his pen and looked approvingly at the sheet of paper before him.

"I've written the despatch for the Associated Press," he said.

"Let's hear it," growled the fourth cousin.

"An enormous shipment of arms and ammunition," read Barboza, "in charge of the valiant Captain Rosas, was successfully landed at Tortugas inlet on Thursday last. A government force which tried to oppose the landing was totally routed, and the arms and ammunition were conveyed in safety to General Lopez, who is now marching on the capital."

"Very neat, Barboza," said the veteran, "really excellent," he added with a chuckle, "considering the circumstances."

The fourth cousin walked to the window and looked moodily out toward the Venezuelan coast.

"Yes, that is a good despatch," said Barboza, folding it. Then he suddenly struck the table with his clenched fist.

"My God!" he cried, white with rage and disappointment, "why is n't it true?"

*T. Ybarra.*

## Book Review.

**THE VIRGINIAN.** By Owen Wister. MacMillan Co.

When a book has met such general, hearty praise as has "The Virginian," it would be futile for us to attempt any specific criticism, even though we detected serious literary or psychic errors. Such, haply, is not the case.

We, like our neighbors at home and abroad, are only too glad of the privilege of expressing

our admiration of the book, both in character-drawing, atmosphere, diction and the skilful weaving of the various episodes which evidently were conceived and well-rounded as such, prior to the writing of the connected story. The love story, as such, seems to us quite unconvincing. Yet it has the charm of novelty, though we can hardly feel at its close that "they lived together happily forever afterwards."

*F. M. C.*



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Thro' pouring water icy cold  
A-down his warm oesophagus.  
— Chaparral.

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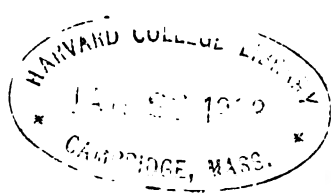
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# THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. LXXIV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

No. 3

THE ADVOCATE is published fortnightly during the College Year. Terms, \$2.50 a year, IN ADVANCE. Single copies, 15 cents. For sale in Cambridge at Amee's and Thurston's. In Boston, at Damrell, Upham & Co.'s, cor. School and Washington Streets.

All communications, contributions and subscriptions should be sent to the HARVARD ADVOCATE, The Harvard Union, Cambridge.

Office hours:

Literary,—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 1.30 to 2.30 p. m.

Business,—Monday and Thursday, 7 to 7.30 p. m.

Subscribers who do not receive their numbers will confer a favor by notifying the Business Manager.

Printed by Edward W. Wheeler, Cambridge, Mass.

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it is quite proper that there should be no question regarding the right of our representatives in athletics to compete in fair sport, but many of us feel that in our haste to be upon the safe side it would not be well to become Quixotic. When politics or policy lead us to belabor our own side and the pans in the scales of Justice are jumping up and down by our pious frenzy, it is about time that Justice pulled the blindfold from her eyes to find out what all the stir is about. Meanwhile, do we not now wake up to find ourselves in the position of the man who inflicts disadvantage on himself so that he may not appear to be taking advantage of a competitor? If this is the case, then our ethics become ridiculous and our progress along the path of dignity becomes a strut.

We believe this is the feeling of many undergraduates. We believe also that the sense of keen and fair sport in Harvard men needs no advertisement. Finally, in view of the fact that all these contentions of eligibility are hurting good sport and disgusting everyone, in college and out, we cannot help feeling that some institution, such as an intercollegiate faculty committee has become necessary. We are tired of athletic pettifoggery, the eleventh hour protest and the kind of sportsmanship that walks in the by-ways of clerical strategy.

THE latest case of eligibility ruling is rather interesting because of the light which it seems to throw upon our athletic policy. The facts, or at least those facts which have been made public, indicate that we have rejected the most promising candidate for a position on a varsity football team by very slender evidence; evidence which does not disprove the eligibility of the man as regards the spirit of the rules and proves no definite violation of the letter. Of course it is well to be upon impregnable ground;

SOME college men must feel at times that university influence is not exerting itself enough in the politics of the country; that men who have already graduated do not interest themselves sufficiently in bringing into the conduct of their community their intelligence and their honorable and sincere activities; that even the undergraduates are lacking in their contribution toward

We do not suffer alone but together with every prominent college or university in this part of the country.

The policy which actuates a daily to print false or malicious news is a silly one, nor can a newspaper hope to live and profit by slander and shoddy news. We are sure that the public will not stand being hoodwinked for any length of time and that the respectable newspapers of

Boston will not allow the function of the press to be so outraged.

Finally is it not possible for the college daily paper, the *Crimson*, to emphatically deny, from time to time, the distorted news which appears about Harvard, giving without reserve the name and date of the paper in which the news appeared?

### The Head of Pan.

BLOW out the candle. For I fain would sit  
Here in the shadow by the firelight  
And watch the ashy logs a little while.

Methinks my eyes are tired, and my hand  
Has not the firmness it will have to-morrow  
After the long deep rest. I was not wise  
To try to work when all the light had gone.  
And yet my chisel seemed to call to me;  
I almost felt that now at last my hand  
Could carve in the still stone that living look  
That lightens through my brain....

I have worked somewhat long upon this head,  
This Pan that makes my glory when 'tis done.  
There's just one line,—one look about the eyes,—  
One chisel-stroke to bring upon the lips  
All the great meaning of the purple wine  
And the high moments of divinity.  
I know the look; it sleeps within my brain.  
And yet to-night, as many times before,  
I could not make it hover on his face.

I am a little weary, and my work  
Seems not so sweet to me. I somehow know  
I was not born to do immortal things.  
I have so idly striven, and so long:  
I cannot, cannot carry out my dream.

—And yet, who knows, perhaps to-morrow morn  
One stroke may bring the light into his eyes.

*Arthur Davison Ficke.*

## A Crime in the Barrens.

THE mountains—dull, gray, mysterious—like shadows on the northern sky, were the only relief to the bald flatness of the desert which stretched away on this side and on that like a brown disk. Upon its face there was no snow, but the frozen soil was metallic like a rough surface of iron and Grafton's feet bled within his shoes.

He stopped in his tracks and, turning around, laughed at the mountains and at himself for he knew very well that his life depended on a quick journey toward the south and the mining camps and, as the mountains were his only guide to a straight way, it was rather funny to be obliged to walk away from them and so, within twelve hours of patient silent plodding, lose all sight of them and all sense of direction.

Grafton laughed again and finished with an exultant cry which went ringing away across the windless barren. There was a silence and then he thought he heard the cry come echoing back from the mountains, half a hundred miles away. He dropped to his knees cursing himself for throwing away his prospector's shovel and prodding the ground frantically with his sheath knife. His hands, cracked by the cold, split open once more across the back and the brown stain upon his mittens grew wet and froze again. Regardless of the pain he panted over his work until there was a pile of gravel six inches with a bit of yellow metal gleaming almost at the top; Grafton smiled as he saw it.

"Damn you," he coughed. "It's for you my stomach's digesting itself."

Across the leaden sky and toward the south there flapped a silent crow. The man counted the cartridges at his belt. "One, two, three, four left," said he. "Not on that chance by a jug-full. I ain't in shootin' trim and the bird's only a speck in this everlasting gray cover." He threw his outfit over his shoulder and started painfully forward. "I wonder, when a man's starving, just when he passes in his checks," thought he. He imagined he could feel his stomach flopping inside of him like a limp and

empty grain sack and his head felt light in contrast to his eyes, red-rimmed and sore.

Walking had become mechanical. One, two, three, four, one, two, three four, but in the last nine hours the pace had undoubtedly shortened. Grafton looked around. The mountains were more vague, more shadowy than before but the heap of earth he had thrown up stood out upon the desert, a gigantic landmark. Sighting over it he built another and smiled.

When he arose this time his head was lighter than ever! the world swung askew and one edge went up over half the sky. It flung Grafton flat across his pile of dirt.

"Going I reckon," he groaned as he opened his eyes. He cut off a boot strap and chewed it desperately; the effect was wonderful, but he crawled several yards before he had the courage to try his feet again. His gun was still lying half a rod away. "Hell with it," he cried drunkenly and stumbled on.

Again from the far mountains there came a prolonged cry.

"I think that would scare me if I weren't starvin' to death." He turned to right at the north along his two gravel heaps. And so he struggled on toward the South, the mining camps and the privilege of life.

It grew colder and the leaden sky darkened with the early northern night. He had coursed his way with eleven piles of gravel! He thought of them as monuments to his courage. "If I should get back and get famous the feller that wrote my life would tell of this pile of dirt and the others and that's just what the old fool would call 'em—monuments to the inventive brain and courage of the man. I can see it now on the last line of chapter ten; but I guess there won't be no chapter ten. It's a day and a half more and—well buck up Grafton. This is your finish." Yet for some reason his legs seemed lighter and the leather pulp between his teeth again seemed to give relief to the gnawing below his ribs and the burning in his chest.

Once more there came the wild cries across

the desert and Grafton answered cry for cry. "I'd holler back at a yell from the devil," said he, but native fear made him feel for his knife and the curiosity in him forced him to look over his shoulder. Far away across the expanse of brown earth there moved a black speck.

Curiously enough the starving man did not think of this moving object as a thing to be feared or even as a source of food. First of all he rejoiced that something alive had come to him, that it would break the unholy solitude of the desert and maybe sit with blinking eyes to watch him die. This feeling still held on even when the speck had become a running animal and even when he saw that the animal was a wolf, lean, blear-eyed and as lonely as he. A rod away the wolf planted his fore feet and threw up his head to howl dismally. Grafton sat down. Again the wolf howled: his cry seemed to rattle like the cry of a dying thing and the man stretched out a hand to the beast.

"Come here, old pal," said he. "My gun ain't here or I'd have killed yer before." The wolf trotted nearer — cautiously. Grafton noticed the loose graceful gait of the creature and wondered if those slim sinewy legs were as tired as his own.

"Don't be skeered of me, Bill," said he arising. "We're both of us in the same fix. I'm starvin' and I reckon you ain't eat much lately. What's more I reckon you're a bit cold with all your tough old skin." The wolf turned his head and howled into the cold; his breath still hung in the air after the jaws and the white fangs had closed together with a snap.

"Sure that's it, old pal," coughed the man. "How'd you like ter be back where there's a fire on the hearth an' maybe the old leather chair where your Daddy uster sit. And maybe it would be Christmas with the hollering of the kids. Christmas —"

The animal watched him, one ear cocked forward; he came two steps nearer.

"Christmas?" Grafton went on, "le's see,— one, two, three, four, five days. Last Friday which was the 20th. Why ding it all Bill — it is! Darn yer old skin. Wish yer Merry Christmas," he shouted.

Again the wolf came toward him with a few limber strides.

"Careful Bill," said the man. "Don't get so hungry, you fergit we're pardners."

The wolf looked him straight in the eyes. A minute afterward the man was caressing the beast and as he ran his fingers through the shaggy hairs about the neck, the lean creature whined softly.

"Now," said Grafton, "we've got ter vamoose from here. An' we light out south'ard which is determined by this pile of sand here and that over yonder where you came from. And so together the two set out upon their journey; the wolf in long easy strides; the man walking on numb legs, mechanically — one, two, three, four, and his stomach flapping inside like an empty meal sack and the crunching of the frozen soil beneath his shoes.

The monotony of the journey and its pain, though somewhat relieved by the presence of the lean, gray creature that trotted now in front, now behind was still depressing. It began to impress Grafton that, perhaps, this beast would not watch with blinking eyes to see him die; then, perhaps, when he should grow weaker. It seemed to the man that the wolf was watching him out of the corner of his eyes, evilly — like a devil.

The animal trotted nearer and licked at the mittens upon Grafton's hand. For a moment the man's head filled with affection.

"Good old Bill," said he stopping, "good old pal. You don't mean no harm — eh?" Then suddenly the light froze out of his eyes; he had seen the blood on the back of his mitten. "The kiss of Judas!" he shrieked. Again the wolf licked the hand with his lithe red tongue. The man reflected that to kill and eat old Bill meant life. He pictured the long, white fangs and the red jaws and he thought of the sheath knife at his belt.

"Pretty even," said he aloud and he squatted down upon the gravel. "Come here old Bill," said he coaxingly, and then with one hand he caressed the wolf, behind the ears, under the chin, over the unyielding skin of the narrow skull. With the other he reached far around with the knife and struck with it — once — twice.

He could feel the hot breath of the animal upon his face as the jaws switched this way and that in agony. With a cry of remorse he threw himself aside; he saw the blood freezing up on

the shaggy sides and heard the last dying cry of the lonely beast.

Then Grafton fell forward upon his face. "Killed him," he shrieked, "I've killed my pal."

*Richard Washburn Child.*

## The Twentieth Man.

THERE used to be an old college in the south whose ancient halls and stately figures bred an atmosphere of gentility and aristocracy not to be found elsewhere in America. The magnetic traditions of silence and repose held the shady campus in a sublime hush. The dignity and glory of the University was reflected in the senior's stride, as he passed sedately from his lecture to the Barn. The Barn was the fencing club, the most sacred institution in Virginia. In its noble simplicity the old edifice still kept the homely lines of a stable; it was still bare of luxuries and stern to view within. The reputation of years and prestige endowed it with intangible power, such that not the dean of the college nor the governor of Virginia would dare violate its seclusion.

The loft was wonderful to see. Its walls were covered with trophies and curiosities — reliques of the wars, borne and won by soldiers famous in history. There was the sword of Light-horse Harry, class of '58 — here the Mexican banner, that flew over the City of Mexico, and beside it the stars and stripes that Pickens had carried from Richmond. Here were trophies of the chase, and of travel, remembrances sent by fond old graduates. And over the broad mantel was a list of the classes, a ranking of men for over a hundred years. Twenty names stood beneath each year, in order — names to conjure with, Lees and Pickens and Greens, Randolphs and Henrys. Paintings by masters were there — portraits of statesmen and soldiers and preachers. This was the retreat for the great old men of Virginia, and the sons of illustrious names.

Ten men from the senior class were chosen every year for this famed society. Each was an orator of the first calibre. Every man in college

walked by an imaginary seaside with a pebble in his mouth for three years. They were huntsmen and horsemen, students and athletes, runners, wrestlers and boxers. Moreover they must be the ten best swordsmen in the University, for the Barn was first and foremost a fencing club. These ten men chose ten more, in the course of the year, one by one. The last man was chosen in March, just before the great spring bout, when the statesmen at the capitol and mellow old squires from the James came back to renew the scenes of their boyhood. The bout was the greatest event of the year, and took place on the campus, before the University, and the society of Richmond and Charlottesville. And the judges, famous graduates of the Barn, decided the relative skill and strength of the fencers in the order that they were to be put upon the tablets over the great oaken mantelpiece. Among the old customs that were still perpetuated on that day was the "Universal Challenge." If any man in the University thought himself more fit for the Barn than those selected, he might challenge any one of them to an encounter before the judges. But this curious custom was only a form. No one ever entertained the idea of profiting by this opportunity, however clever he might be with foils. Men were "queered," even in old Virginia, A. D. 1850.

## II.

On a certain spring night, a long time ago, nineteen men sat around a table in the great hall of the Barn. One seat was empty, at the foot. They were voting for the last man. They were a study, these boys, and one saw them then by candle light, early in the morning. Barney



Benton, president; little Frank Stuart, with his pint of ale and his big cigar; Edmund Pinckney, of Roanoke. He was of the best, was Ed. You might call him handsome—but you would probably call him superb. His features were large, and his face a little wrinkled—but it was of beautiful complexion, and his hair was black and curly. It was a pleasure to sit and watch the lines of his body and legs, graceful and powerful. Opposite him sat Nicholson Vance. And Vance was the most curious of them all. He had gained his place by the hardest kind of training—he had cultivated his mind and his body by gymnastics—he had acquired all the virtues after Franklin's plan. There he sat in grim earnest, a most conscientious and faithful man. But there was something in his eyes that told an observer that he was one of those men whose very souls are wrapped in silence. Down the table you could see jovial faces and stern faces, see men laughing, and men deadly serious—but all intent upon the outcome.

"Hump it up, hump it up," cried Frank, over his glass.

"Two men left," said Benton with great dignity. "Now, fellows, we must select one of them—the best man in the University."

"Of course, that goes without saying," put in Pinckney, "we always do get the best men. Look at poor little Boyle, you'll break his heart——"

"Potwash! Featherweight champion—whoop'er up," came a voice. "You'll have every one of those black balls up again in a moment. Let's have another vote on the wit—I love to vote on wits."

"Or on Vance's master-mind—what's his name—Gid Lincoln. B'leave he could lick you, Ed, you horse, if you'd give him a try."

"He's more of a man than you are, I guess, if——"

"Fellows," interrupted Vance, standing up, and looking squarely down the table, so that everyone stopped smiling, and sat strangely ill at ease. "Gid Lincoln is a fine man. I've known Gid Lincoln and you fellows have n't. You admit he can fence—fence better than lots of us—I know he could kill me in five minutes. He can ride,

and he can shoot—and he won the races last fall. You know that. You think he is n't a gentleman—fellows I've known him—I've lived with him and fought with him; and he has a great big heart, Gid Lincoln has. He's the best friend in the world: Barney, don't give the black finger to Gid, he is the salt of the class."

There was an awkward silence. Then Whiskey Peters got up, and stood on one leg a minute, clearing his throat.

"I've known Gid Lincoln. He is a good man. He is exactly the Barn kind of a man. I don't know of anyone I'd rather see in the Barn. I hope you fellows'll elect him."

"Has anyone anything else to say about Mr. Lincoln?" said Barney, smiling with great dignity.

"Original," put in little Stuart.

Edmund Pinckney arose solemnly. He roomed with his cousin Randolph, who was also on the list.

"Gid Lincoln is a good fencer, and is above reproach. He is a good friend, and a good student. In spite of his lack of culture, and in spite of the fact that his father was a miller, I should advise that he be taken on. He may not fit in with the ranks of the Washingtons and Lees, but he is a self-made man, and after all, we reward men on their merits. He may be able to beat Randolph with single-sticks, too, for all I know."

"That's a nice speech to make in favor of a man," said orator Jim Sloan.

"It's a damned mean hypocrit's speech," said Vance, sternly.

"See here, Vance!" began Ed Pinckney, darkly, when Barney broke in.

"Shut up, you two, right now; I should like to say a word. I hate to say anything against a man—particularly a man like Gid, who does the best he can; he means well, the very best, and he works well. That is where the trouble comes in. The fellows don't like to hurt your feelings, Nick; you've spoken so much for Gid, but the truth is he does n't belong among us. He does n't understand the University. He is cheap—he is a noble example of the lower classes—he comes from Georgia. Don't you see he has n't the culture for the Barn. His free and easy

talk about democracy is n't just what we stand for, — is n't just what we want in Virginia. Don't you know — his manners are vulgar. He spits, and he laughs loud."

"Oh, hell, what an awful shame," came a voice.

"Look out how you laugh, Franky; prexy will throw you out of the club."

"I don't mean that," said Barney, very seriously. His eye was on Nick, who sat silently, heavily, looking down at the table, deep displeasure written on his features.

"I don't mean that I would keep a man out for spitting. Only he has n't the manner nor way of a Virginian. Maybe I am wrong — I seem to be wrong these days." He sat down, distinctly uneasy.

Then they voted for the seventy-sixth time that evening. Gid got only four black balls. Randolph got four. So it staid for several rounds. Finally Vance pushed his chair back violently. "Everybody knows who deserves this place. Those four black balls are a disgrace — the work of four sneaking snobs." Then he stood glaring at big Ed Pinckney.

"Don't say that, Nick," said Ed quietly.

"I say Gid's a better man than I am, and I'm a better man than you are."

"You're tight," announced Frank, promptly.

"You can't bring on any fight to-night," said Barney firmly. "Nick, you're overwrought."

"If it had n't been for Ed, Gid would have been elected long ago."

"There were *four* black balls."

"But Ed spoke in his favor — that's what a *man* would call a lie."

"Don't be a fool," said Ed. "Take it back."

"You're wrong Ed," cried Whiskey. "You're dead wrong. I take back my black ball on Gid."

"So do I," said Barney, slowly, looking sternly at Whiskey. He had also spoken for Gid.

"Sorry, but *me* too," said Frank, lighting a fresh cigar. Frank had a keen mind.

"I don't," said Ed hotly, "nor I never shall. But I apologize — Nick Vance."

The two shook hands grimly.

"Well," said Nick, "I'll fight you for it. I know where Randolph's black balls came from. Gid stands or falls with me."

"Heroic" said Frank.

"Angelic," said Whiskey,"

"Pathetic," said Sloan, who had tried it once.

For five minutes the candles shone upon the contest — and upon the hot circle of faces that stood about the flashing grinding foils — silent and earnest, not so fearful of the outcome, as subdued by the spectacle, — Vance working with his utmost skill, big Ed Pinckney beautiful to see, calm and rhythmical, certain of victory. At the end of that time Vance was beaten, a fit subject for a surgeon, and Ed was sitting on the floor, holding his head, and washing his brow with cold water.

He had been hit in the face, and no worse damage done than to ruin his beauty.

Randolph had been elected, and all the fellows gone but Barney — gone in consideration for Ed, for Ed had gone to school with Nicholson in his younger days.

Nick got up unsteadily and stood for a moment. Barney offered to help him, but he put his head on Ed's shoulder, and went out with that powerful arm about him. They said never a word until they reached the Pyramid Commons, where Nick lived. Ed left him standing there unsteadily, for he could not go in. But before he left Nicholson held out his hand, and Ed grasped it, laughing feebly.

"We didn't always fight against each other, did we Nick?" he said. "You're true blue, Vancey, you're true blue."

"Sentimental asses," said Sloan.

"He is the best that is," said Barney.

"Which?" asked Sloan lightly.

"Both," said the president; "good night."

### III.

Little Jim Laurie, the man whose jokes kept the college going, sauntered into Gid Lincoln's room looking for something to eat and drink. He found Gid smoking by the fire, but so sober was the expression on Gid's face that Jim forgot both the witty remarks he had intended to make and his purpose in coming.

"Well, why're you sitting here so funeralish? Dog bit you, — lost your money, — fired from college, — what?"

"Funeralish your grandmother," said Gid, pulling up another chair. "I was only thinking."

"Bad thing, don't. But honestly, what is the matter?"

"Well, look here, Jim, you're the only person I'd talk to about this; but I'll tell you straight. I've just got to thinking about the way Nicholson Vance has treated me, and it makes me disgusted with the whole thing."

"What in hell has he done? I thought you used to be thick as anything."

"Well, we were, and that's what makes me so tired. Freshman year, before either of us knew anybody, we went around together a lot; and we talked a lot about all sorts of things,—particularly the Barn. It was sort of an understood thing that we would stick together; and that if either one of us got in, he would pull the other in too. Well, he's been on for almost a year. Their last election came last night, and young Randolph got the last place. Now, I swear, it makes me mad to be beaten out by such a little fool as that."

"It is too damn bad," said little Jim sympathetically. But Gid went on unnoticed.

"It isn't as if I was a worse man or a worse fencer than Randolph. I know I'm as much of a fellow as he is; and I'm quite sure I can beat half of the club with the foils. I swear, I'm disappointed in Nick Vance. I did n't think he'd do it. Why, you know how well we knew each other year before last. Lately I have n't seen him at all. I guess he does n't like to see me after the way he went back on me. Damn it, that's what makes me so sick, don't you see? The whole lot of them are a set of snobs."

"It is a shame, Gid; I'm awfully sorry," said Jim quite seriously. "But we can't all be in the Barn, and some of us manage to scrape up a pretty good time outside of it."

Gid was silent, and smoked slowly at his long pipe. Then he got up and went to the cupboard, from which he brought two tall glasses and a bottle.

"There, help yourself," he said. "Water's in the jug behind you. Let's change the subject. I don't want to talk about it any more; but I have n't stopped thinking, by a long shot."

## IV.

Probably in the history of the college there was never a more surprised man than Barney Benton, President of the Barn, when, just two weeks before Challenge Day, he received this short letter.

To Barnes Benton 2nd, Esq.

Dear Sir:—

I desire to hereby enroll myself as a contestant for the Barn Society at their regular Challenge Day, April first. As my opponent, I name Nicholson Vance, Esq.

Your most humble servant,

Gideon Lincoln.

Never before since its very founding a hundred years ago had anyone cared to cast such a reflection on the Barn as to thus question its ability to judge what men were fitted for it. Hitherto, Challenge Day had been merely a contest for rank among the twenty members; no outsider had ever before asked to fight. Only a very brazen or a very reckless man would dare to do it.

When Vance heard of it he only smiled his queer silent smile. He was not a man to talk much about anything; and concerning so delicate a thing as this, it was to be expected that he would speak not a word.

## V.

The accustomed crowds of white-haired graduates and smiling girls and rustling-gowned women came again this year to see Challenge Day. And well was it worth seeing. Right beside the old "President's Elm" a stand had been erected; and before it on the green turf the Barn fought two by two for the coveted places on the rolls. The late afternoon sun was low behind the Elm before the lithe young white-shirted figures had ceased their swift lunges on the grass. The light in their eyes,—the flash of their foils,—the little spurts of red on their white shirts had ended. Edmund Pinckney as everyone had expected, had won first place; slow old Barney Benton, to everyone's surprise, came

fifth; and Nicholson Vance had won a hard-fought ninth.

Then the spectators who had crowded down to congratulate the young fellows were cleared away from the level space, and Gideon Lincoln and Nicholson Vance walked out, foil in hand, to fight the strange unheard of challenger's bout. Old graduates, Barn men of half a century ago, shook their heads. In their day no one had presumed to take advantage of this formality. "I'm sorry to see it, sir," the grave-faced Governor of Virginia said to his companion. "Times have changed. In our day, sir, a man would sooner have shot himself than commit such a discourtesy."

Gid Lincoln's face was white as he saluted. Vance wore his habitual expression of reserved silence. They stood facing each other, erect and rigid. Their foils rose, circled, fell, crossed; and each man advanced one foot, bent his knees, and fell into position. The steel grated harshly as Lincoln, the challenger, made his first formal lunge of courtesy. Then, after an instant's

pause, their blades circled swiftly in the real fight.

A spot of red sprang out on Nick's sleeve as Lincoln leaped back after a swift high lunge. His return was so strong and skilful that everyone thought Gid had been hit; but he showed no sign of it. The blades glittered, hissed, delicately quivered round and round each other as the tense nervous figures advanced and retreated on the grass.

"Time," cried the tall gray-haired judge, an old President of the Barn; and he knocked up their swords. Both turned and walked toward their sides of the green. For a moment the judge conferred with his two colleagues. Then both the contestants heard him announce loudly, — "Mr. Gideon Lincoln has won the bout."

As was customary, they met again in the middle to shake hands, Gid Lincoln looked down and held out his hand, "I am sorry," he said formally. Nicholson Vance looked gravely into his face, "You did n't understand," he said.

G. Lincoln.

## Pardners.

WE stiffly swung off our leg-weary ponies by the big posts of the corral at *Escandido*, "the hidden ranch."

"We'll give 'em water," said Jake beating the alkali dust from his hat and neck cloth, "but don't unsaddle, I'd like ter go up Flat Butte with yer if you don't care."

I wonderingly said I did n't care, and when the horses had sucked their fill from the tub and were looking anxiously toward the big barn, we climbed to our saddles and turned their reluctant heads toward the little flat hillock a hundred yards off from the ranch buildings. The ascent was not steep, and soon we were on top of the butte looking off to the west where over the yellow desert the sun had left a brazen band, hard and polished along the edge of the world.

"I made that grave," said Jake pointing to a pile of stones surmounted by a piece of shaped, brown rock, near the steep edge of the butte.

Then again, with all the pride of ownership, "Yes sir, I made that grave."

"Kill him?" said I.

"Well no, not exactly, yet yer might say kind of."

I waited.

"He was a pardner of mine," continued Jake, one leg swung easily over his pommel; "and the son of a gun of a good pardner, too; I've rid the range with that feller five year an' more, all over Idaho 'n Oregon 'n down with the 'circle-hammer' outfit, clear into Texas. Yes sir, he was the son of a gun of a good man, Sam Pier-son was."

Again I waited, for eulogy in the West means more than the light spoken word of a townsman. Then Jake continued after a pause in which he scratched his head and tipped back his sombrero.

"Me and Sam was with the 'P' outfit bringing

down cattle from the hills to the Five Mile House for the fall rodeo. And was with one other feller, by the name of Larrabee,— a little chap, not much good, been sheep-herdin' all his life, and was always wonderin' if the steers would n't get foot rot, or wool scratch or something.

"Well, anyway, the three of us had twenty-four head of two-year olds, and we camped by the picket-corral water hole, meanin' to take 'em to the Five Mile House next day. Sam an' me, we left Larrabee with the steers an' went off afoot to knock down some sage-hen or duck fer supper, an' we was afoot. All at once a son of a gun of a rattler up an' bit me under the knee. Well sir, I felt for my flask, but it was back on my saddle. So I hollers to Sam, and told him, "See here Sam, there's a rattler's just bit me, an' I ain't got my whiskey. Hand over yourn pardner, an' maybe I 'll pull out all right."

He paused; then,

"Well sir, when I turned round, Sam, he was just unscrewin' his flask to take a drink, but he come runnin' up an' dumped it down my gullet till I pretty nigh choked. Then we ran to where Larrabee an' the ponies was, and Sam he jumped

on a horse an' says 'grab a stirrup Jake, 'cause they say if you run, you 'll sweat and the poison 'll run out 'n yer.' So him an' me run the six miles back to Five Mile House, an' I turned in with all the blankets in the place a top of me— plumb full of liquor."

Another long pause while Jake tightened and twisted his reins till the little horse, tired as he was, protested with a buck, for which he was savagely spurred, and reflections cast on his ancestry. When the cayuse was quiet once more, Jake continued;

"Well, sir, I was pretty nigh to croakin' for three days, but when I did pull round I asked if the beef was in, an' where was Sam?

"'Why, did n't you know?' says they.

"'Know what?' says I.

"'Why, Sam, he was bit by a rattler an' croaked,' says they.

"Yes sir, that son of a gun of a pardner of mine, he was bit just before I was, an' he was just goin' to drink his liquor when I yelled out I wanted it. He knowed there wa'n't enough for two, so he just handed her over an' kept shut. The son of a gun."

L. W.

### 'Rattles' Romance.

THEY were uncommonly proud of Rattles. The madam never talked of her other children, it was always Rattles did this and Rattles did that, and from the day he was born, Blinkey referred to him, as *the* "Kid" and told Bobs, the landlord, "that the new one was the comin' Regent and Crusty 'd have ter say 'ta ta,' soon as the lad grow'd a little,"— and so every one thought, — the entire village.

"That young 'un has the re-al order of buzzers I tell ye," said Blinkey, with his yellow glass eyes on Bobs, "no imitation no insect hummin' fer him. He has the re-al pigs eye — he has, ye sand-rat, — that's what he has; jes' run down and listen to him, you fat-bellied desert canine, — jes run down an' scratch yer ears open and dare ter deny." So Bobs had ran down and came

back pretty much winded and his whiskers dusty.

"Ugly fer a day old," he said, puffing out his cheeks and giving a furtive glance over his shoulder, "but yer right about them rattles, Glory— bigger 'an a sea-shell a'ready and noise, — the madam simply can't quiet him — no soothin' syrup fer him I tell ye, not fer that 'un." Then Bobs trotted over next door to see the tenants who had run into the irrigating ditch. "Better call him Rattles," he had yelled back, when he reached his mud-choked estate, — then he stood up and shook his head, as if there was water in it. "I can hear 'em yet," he called back as he dove out of sight.

And so they christened the madam's youngest, Rattles, and he grew from an uncommon youngster to an uncommon young man, and the rattles

grew with him, from two when he was born, to five and a button, when three years old, — Humans know little of rattles — and they took on a color like tortoise shell, large and thin and loose-fitted; and they rang like bullets in a dry skull when Rattles was angry, and murmured like rain-drops on a wooden roof when he was pleased, — for Rattles talked as his ancestors had talked, with his tail. As Blinkey had said, "it's ther same thing what makes the best hollerin' baby and the best woin' man, — it's jest a question of degree as in everything else — no difference in their organ — simply *how* they use it, — same with Rattlers as with mouters."

"Yer a philosophyzin' feather duster, and nothin' else," said Bobs; but that made no difference. It was true.

When Rattles had caught his first bird, — it was when Takki went lame — and had charmed Bobs and made him follow all over the village until he cried and hollered, but still followed, — it was then that Rattles was first allowed to curl up on top and bask in the July sun, — his apprenticeship over. Most everyone was there to get a look at the madam's prodigy, even Scaley, the old diamond back from the upper reservoir, came to have his look; and before he slid home he put Rattles thro' the drill and nodded approvingly and said something to the father and mother, which made the latter's head swing for a full half hour. Scaley's daughter, Natella was there, and though Rattles did not know much of her kind as yet; he, for some reason felt mighty pleased she was there. "Never saw such movements," he said to himself.

It was a proud day for the village. Rattles disappointed no one. Never had they seen such a muscular youth, nor such an accomplished and modest one. It was easy, perhaps, for Rattles. He sounded notes of warning that made the quail in the border of the woods flutter back into the long grass, he wound in little mounds, big mounds, lay flat, struck, stood upright without a quiver, struck again, leapt twice his length — nothing like that before in the history of the village except that of the Red Racer, Young Glyden, a notorious jumper — and he dodged, countered, made Obi his tutor seem like a very com-

mon garden worm; in fact did everything that anyone of his age had ever done and a little more, and when the company had said good-bye and were gliding over the sands toward the West, — and Natella the last to go, — when papa had returned to sleep once more and mamma had gone below to be alone with her vanity, young Rattles did more. "No longer a boy to learn but a man to do," said he — a male debutant as it were. So after feeling around a bit, darting his tongue out sassily, he slowly drew himself into a coil, shot his broad flat head into the air and sounded the low note, — the soft pattering tone half a challenge, half a caress, — the mating note of the Krai. And as he stood in the fading light, his eyes like glowing china beads, his body curved in broad glittering folds, — a young knight he, in new golden armor, — young, intense, expectant; a head shot up over the ridge and then another to the right, and still a third, — silhouetted against the glowing sky, like high-reaching reeds, and there came back to him thro' the evening air those same low notes, only softer and lower and less wonderful, — the answer to his call. It was somewhat bold for a youngster but Rattles did not think of that; he kept his head in the air for a moment, listening to the fluttering of his heart, then he slowly unwound and with his jaw set back with a smile of exotic triumph, drew his length toward home. It was now time to take a fling at the World.

Papa was sleeping in the front hall way. "Father," cried Rattles, pushing the old gentleman gently; father seldom heard. "Father, tomorrow I seek Natella, — Natella the beautiful; to-night I called and Natella answered."

Father lifted the filmy curtains from his eyes, "And who's she?"

"Natella! Crusty's daughter, don't you know, the stone terrace at the upper reservoir and Natella — holy piccaries." Rattles closed his eyes in lieu of a fitting adjective.

"Diamonds, eh? Go ask your mother."

"That means I go," chuckled Rattles as he slid down into the darkness.

The next afternoon Rattles and his mother started off for the Reservoir. "Nothin' common about that pair, I tell ye," said Blinkey. "Mad-

am's a match fer most anything, — even if she ain't shed a skin for three year, and the boy — a mite cocky perhaps, but who 'll blame him. Look at the way he dances along, with that swayin', regular as a penderlum; and them muscles near his neck, bunched like a constrictor a'ready, I tell ye I knew he was a blooder, that fellow, first time I seen him."

"A dan-ge-gerous pair," chattered Bobs, with his tail jerking.

"Bah — you petticoat mouse you!" Blinky drew out his wing like a fan, "not with that shield in front o'ye. Good-bye." Blinky snapped his beak. "Here's fer a sail over the knoll. The boy ought to win out and I ought to see it."

The madam and her son were gliding down the second slope from home when they heard Blinky's voice in the wind above them. "Oh Madam! Leg's a comin — 'cross the pasture."

"Oh, Blinky! *Where!*" The madam drew herself into a coil, her eyes flaring.

"The blue stone gate," came back.

"Rattles," said the madam, "we must make for home at oncel at *once!* There's an awful danger coming."

If Rattles had been old, and had known more of humans and particularly of Mr. Legs, he would have turned for the Sage Flats at once, but he was young, and foolish with strength, and had wrong ideas of doing what he started out to do; so he smiled at his mother, — rather a fresh smile it was, — and drew back his head. "Come, I am not scared," he said; "and besides I *love* Natella, I love her, I say," and with that he started down the slope, with his eyes gleaming and his tail making vine marks in the sand.

The madam said nothing. Over the knoll came the high leather boots of Mr. Legs.

When Rattles caught sight of these huge wrinkled pillars, falling stiffly down the hill toward him, he coiled of course, as he had been taught with his head in the center, and his tail at the side and sent out a note of warning, that even made the madam start, so sharp and clear and ominous did it sound, and brought the man back, sharp and stiff.

"I'll be blowed," he said, "but if there ain't a beauty, and away out here in the open, too.

Come," he drew a stick from under his arm, "let's have a game, yeh sassy cuss yeh," and he pushed the stick straight at Rattles' nose — who gasped at this impudence — but forgot the man, while the little copper cap on the end, (which had cut rope before the round-up) became to him the only thing in the world. He followed it with his eyes, as it moved from side to side, nearer and nearer and all the time he counted the distance. Now it was but a half length, now an inch nearer, — and another. Now it had all happened and Rattles was coiled again, his eyes wide open, his tail whirring like an angry gourd. On the copper cap there was something black and glistening.

Legs was bending forward a little now, holding the stick at the very end. "Jumpin' grasshoppers! Where'd ye learn to do that, yer yaller-striped viper yeh — yeh — *here* don't!" But Rattles had shot up like a spring released and was back again his head swaying and a sliver of wood hanging from his jaw.

"It'll drop in a minute," thought Rattles, "then I'll lick it and swallow it, — and go see Natella, and Ma can go home and then, —"

But Rattles did not finish the sentence for through the triangle of light formed by this colossus, his eye caught the slow moving form of his mother, and there was something in her eye, — fate or something — that told Rattles that he better go and not be in the losing game longer. So he slowly drew back and oozed out into a line, and he heard his mother's call of warning and the copper tip flew into the air and was followed by something else, — a heavy shapeless mass — and then, like a flash, Rattles wound up the hill for home.

It did not take him long to come in sight of Bobs village, but he kept on working, slipping over the stones and winding under cactus without a stop, until he became conscious of something behind and as he reached the last slope, he could see the stiff slow falling pillars of Mr. Legs. Rattles did not coil but simply lowered his head and skimmed over the ground, with his neck barely touching, the way Obo had taught him. He saw the boots coming faster and faster and he caught a flash of the copper cup in the sun, he closed his eyes and went over the ground

quietly and with awful speed, like a ripple blown across the water. His door was but two lengths away now—then one—and with a last convulsive shake Rattles shot his head into the welcome darkness, but something from above caught and pinned him, he took hold of a root with his jaw and pulled and the something gave away. Rattles dropped farther into the darkness until he reached the bed of bark and leaves. Then he drew himself into a painful little heap and put his head far down in the folds of his quivering body. He had lost his rattles.

Old Crotala soon adjusted himself to the life of a widower but it took some time for his boy to become reconciled to his double loss—his mother and his rattles—and when his wound in soul and body had healed, leaving one stumpy and unbeautiful, he swore by the skins of his fathers and the shades of St. Patrick, that the rest of his days should be devoted to avenging his wrongs and if Legs had heard *all* that he said, he would, no doubt, have worn his black leather gauntlets through life. Ideas of youth and love were buried deep, and dreams were put behind, leaving before him nothing but the grim reality of an afflicted life. "Besides," he thought, "no one would have me now, with all my strength and skill—I am nothing more than a mute—a miserable remnant, a—but,—but they won't laugh at me, not *they*!" and he worked every day with Obo. One evening, after jumping practice, when Rattles was crawling home alone thinking of all he had learned about sticks and the soft things that held them, he came upon a familiar form lying in a long curve within a few lengths of his own door. He recognized the narrow head and the well modeled neck, like his own only smaller, and the brilliant bands and rings and yellow diamonds which showed another sex and tribe. And as he drew nearer he feared she were dead,—for he knew his kind seldom lay out that way unless wounded—but as he glided by, he could see the scales glisten in the moonlight moving from head to tip, like the even swell of a brilliant sea; and he stopped and coiled and shook his stumpy little tail—and then he uncoiled again and quietly slid down the front hall and into his

own room; and there he hid his head in shame and grief; while above in the moonlight, slept Natella.

It was a month later, perhaps, that Rattles bade his sleepy father good-bye—who was near blind in the last stage of skin shedding—and started on the journey for revenge. There were many admiring eyes that watched this unheralded departure and Blinkey said that on Lawton's range was Natella,—with her eyes wide open too—but Rattles wanted no one. He swayed his broad flat head from side to side, and whipped his amputated part behind him with an awful, half mortified defiance as if to say, "Look and be damned you creepers of Bob's village," and he kept it up until he reached the seclusion of the woods, where he stopped a moment, coiled, uncoiled, coiled again, every link in the chain was perfect, then with his head high, and his black tongue darting in and out, he wound steadily through the ferns and grasses toward the land of man.

It was noon when Rattles came gliding through the alfalfa in front of the house, no one was in sight. He slid over the path and made for the wood pile—he had selected that a week before, and finding the mottled stump of a quaking asp he coiled under it, with his head down and his eyes open. It was a complete blind. Hardly had he settled down when a door slammed, a familiar form loomed up in front and there, not quite two yards away, stood Legs. There was no copper cap this time. Rattles began to limber up. He threw back his head once or twice, drew his tongue over his fangs, pushed them down, pulled them back, and tightened the muscles in his neck. Then he lifted up kind of an inarticulate prayer and thought of his mother and of himself.

Legs was kneeling in front of him. Rattles saw a place above the knee but he did not strike. His tail was shaking like a harp string in the wind, but never a sound. A brown wrinkled hand touched the piece of wood within a foot of his head. Everything quiet,—then—*Zang!* Rattles was under the porch, two yards away before the wood had dropped to the ground.

Perhaps it was fortunate he inherited deafness



and then too he had struck home and his poison sack was no bigger than a drop of water and that always affected his ears; at any rate he could tell nothing of what was happening above. He hoped to see the funeral the next morning, outside. He felt sleepy and tired, now it was over, and with a happy consciousness of retribution and fulfilled vows and laurel wreaths he wound himself near a post, covered his head with dust and woodchips and nodded off to sleep. He slept for sometime and then began to dream of a storm that sucked the sand of Bob's village into the air, spread the grass wet and flat over the ground and made the front hallway roar like a bottle in the wind. Then there was thunder and breaking of things and Rattles realized that he was thinking of Natella and that he was awake and the boards over his head were cracking and flapping their unnailed ends, as if an elephant were dancing a hornpipe on them, and as he drew his head out of the warmth and snapped open his eyes he felt the cold wind on his neck and realized that something was throwing up dust near him. He drew back with his head swaying. It was Mr. Legs' boot.

Rattles merely stared for a minute, jerked his head, and then stared again. When he moved slowly toward the edge of the porch he was still staring. The day was beginning to dawn damp and cool. He stuck his head cautiously over the edge of the porch. Among broken boards and overturned seats, one hand wrapped in a bath towel, the other grasping a murderous looking bottle, was Mr. Legs. As he jumped in the air he waved the bottle in free arm circles above his head and shouted, and then jumping on an unbroken board he shouted again. Finally he fell in the midst of the wreck and after several ineffectual attempts to rise, took to singing; beating time with the bottle against the post. Rattles did not understand it. Perhaps these were death agonies. Suddenly Legs became silent, the bottle dropped and his bleary eyes were turned full on Rattles.

"*Shnakes!*" he yelled, "hie, *Shnakes!* I tell ye. Molly, come yere Molly darlin', see 'em. Hundreds of 'em, battalions, — they're crawlin' out

o' the, — hic, — the ground. Molly see! they're green and shaller and got horns and — Good God — see 'em fly. Help! Molly tear 'em away, off 'n me! For Gawd's sake stamp on 'em. Kill 'em!" Mr. Legs was rolling among the broken boards, one boot off.

"Jake! Oh Jake!" came from the upper window, "pa's got 'em again. There's water in the barrel, Jake!"

When Rattles reached the protection of the Alfalfa, he did not stop to look back. He had already seen Legs flat on his face. "It's done," he had said.

Had he looked back a little later he would have seen Mr. Legs once more among the debris, still pounding time with the long black bottle.

After the triumph at the village, which made him think of his coming out, — for Blinkey had the news there before him — Rattles was glad to be alone. Sudden Fame was disconcerting. He had almost ceased to regret his inability to talk, for silence was far more eloquent, and he was glad they all knew what he had done to Legs. "It'll be safe in the woods now," they had said.

Rattles was rehearsing it all over again, — quite alone, near his door-way, when a long narrow head poked up from the darkness very near his. Rattles shook. "It was brave and well done and I — I'm glad you did it, Rattles," said Natella.

Again Rattles did not regret his disability.

"I know you think we — that is you think *I*, don't care. That because you lost, — *but I do*, indeed I do!" Rattles tail was throwing clouds of sand. "It was a great loss, — and for me — and I have felt it too, — the loss," — she turned her head away a moment. Then coiled nearer, "and the daughter of *Raski* knows." Their eyes had met and their heads were swaying together, "she sees and knows what is not," —

Then with his eyes, black and deep, did Rattles answer, — for what was there to say — and he and Natella, in the light of the moon, glided off together.

*Bunc.*

## Number — Stoughton.

"'T WAS the night before Christmas and all through the house —" murmured "Reg" Benson, flattening his nose against the windowpane and staring out into the darkness. Over opposite, in Thayer, a few lights burned, and these, ever and anon, were shut out from sight by the thick clouds of drifting snow. The prospect was not a pleasing one to Reg and he returned to the soft, seductive, armchair in front of the fire. "Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," — he continued as he lit a cigarette, "not even a mouse; but why not a ghost? Why should n't a ghost have been sneaking about, a Christmas ghost; the kind that always appear on Christmas eve?" Reg's fancy was running away with him. "I remember," he said to himself, "reading somewhere about a ghost or a banshee or something that appeared around Christmas time. There goes the lamp. That confounded Goody must have forgot to fill it. Never mind," he added philosophically, cuddling up in the chair, "the fire gives enough light. I should like to see a ghost, a real live genuine ghost," Reg rambled on. "Perhaps there are none. Oh, yes, there are; how foolish of me. Why Aunt Bernice claims she's seen a dozen of them; she swears it. Other people beside Aunt Bernie have seen them too."

Reg yawned. "What a place the Yard would be for ghosts. Think of all the old 'grads' who have gone over the river." (A series of yawns.) "Christmas eve — splendid time for ghosts to come back to their old rooms."

"'T was night 'fore Christmas an' all thro' the house not a creature was stirrin' not even a ghost —" Reg's head slowly slumped over on his shoulder. The cigarette butt dropped to the floor and burnt into the rug.

It seemed quite natural to Reg, that, as he opened his eyes, he should see a ghost. It was a ghost fast enough, a thin, pale-faced, clean-shaven male of the species, leaning against the mantel shelf. Reg eyed him closely. The apparition wore a frayed overcoat. "Hello,"

said Reg, peering through the dim light, "you're a ghost are n't you?"

The ghost hesitated. "Why yes," he replied in a low voice, "I suppose I am a sort, a sort of spook —"

"Oh, course you're a Christmas ghost," went on Reg. "Tell me do you haunt this room every Christmas eve?"

"Yes," answered the ghost rubbing his long nose, "I have haunted it for a number of years. How does it happen you're here this vacation. You were n't in last Christmas."

"This year my family's abroad," explained Reg.

"Oh," said the ghost and stooping warmed his hands over the coals.

"Why," cried Reg, "I never knew ghosts like to warm themselves, I thought —"

"I'm a particular kind of spook," broke in the ghost, "I like tobacco and unfortunately love liquor; I relish a good fire and above all the fires I have known I enjoy this particular fire."

"And why this particular fire," questioned Reg, stupidly.

"Because, you see," the ghost replied, "I used to live here in this very room, I was in the class of '82, I have sat, many times in the winter weather before this grate and smoked and read. Just as you, no doubt, did all to-day." Reg nodded. "Well, anyway," the ghost went on, "I had this room for three years and then I left college. Now once a year, always at Christmas time, I travel East to visit in Cambridge and I make a point, for some unknown reason, of coming around to this room and reopening old wounds." The ghost stopped and drew his hand across his unsteady mouth.

"And why, why, I should think," faltered Reg, "that it would be distinctly pleasurable to come back and see your old room and the yard and the —"

"Yes," interrupted the ghost with a touch of bitterness in his voice, "of course you think so. There's no reason why you should n't. With me the thing's different. It was just at the

"It's just about time, you damn black skunk, to call down a few o' yo' miracles an' mighty omens yo' been braggin' about to yo' disciples."

Waving his whip dextrously in the air, he made the rawhide swish softly as the lash smoothly uncoiled, and then with a quick snap he brought it down on the bare black skin before him.

Bates sprang up as the blow fell, but was instantly pulled down by the strong hand of his friend. He watched the quivering negro with glistening eyes and labored breath. His cheeks were flushed as with fever.

The tall man with the lash stood indifferently beside the log for a minute. Then he turned slowly to the group. "I'll take another pull soon. Some o' you-uns have a try," and he threw the lash to a short, heavily built man with a puffy face and little eyes. This prepossessing individual smoothed the lash out lovingly and swished it a few times in the air, as if to try its temper.

Suddenly Bates leaped to the edge of the ring, seized a repeating rifle that lay at the foot of a tree, and called in a hoarse voice, "Drop that lash, Stephens. Hands up, everybody." There was a moment of incredulity; then two or three reached for their guns. "Up with your hands," repeated Bates, sternly. One man still disobeyed. A thread of flame spurted from the rifle and the man yelled and stumbled away through the underbrush. One figure was dodging behind a tree. Another shot, and it too dropped, cursing madly.

"Untie the man, Stephens," went on Bates hurriedly. Stephens looked away sullenly and did not move. "Untie him, or by God you'll follow Jackson." This very deliberately, with the gun at his shoulder. Stephens began to untie the bonds. The uplifted hands seemed to be getting very tired, but no sooner did anyone take an easier attitude than he was covered by the sights of the rifle.

"Now, Uncle Jeff, take that whiplash and

rope," he kicked the coil toward the negro, "and tie these ten gentlemen to the ten nearest trees you see."

"D'you mean you 'r goin' to have that nigger tie us southern gentlemen," blazed Austin angrily.

"Keep your hands up," said Bates, sharply. "That's what I mean."

"God curse the day I brought a Yankee and a traitor into my father's house," exclaimed Austin through his set teeth. "Even dogs respect hospitality."

Bates winced, but merely ordered that Austin be tied with the lash instead of the rope. The rest were lashed to their respective trees; then the smirking negro stepped up to him to complete his task. Instantly the southerner dodged behind him.

"If you move an inch I'll kill you on the spot," he hissed, reaching for a gun at the foot of the tree.

"Get out of the way, Jeff," screamed Bates. "For God's sake get out of the way." The negro hesitated, looked from one to the other, and stood stock still in his tracks.

As Austin gripped the gun, Bates shot: the negro fell. Almost simultaneously, without a semblance of aiming, the southerner pulled, and Bates dropped, shot through the heart.

The next morning, the following item appeared in *The Solid South*.

"It is with grief that we report the cowardly murder last evening of Higginson Bates by the negro Jefferson. Mr. Bates was an estimable young man who came among us to assist in the rejuvenation of the South. He was an able man and a genial friend. He was a welcome guest of Colonel Austin and our most prominent citizens, and a frequent and valuable factor in the social life of our city. His murder was at once avenged on the cowardly perpetrator, by a band of Mr. Bates' friends, said to have been composed of the best element of our population."

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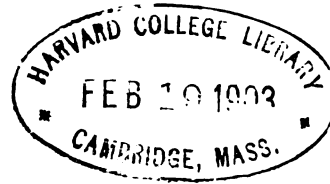
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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 16, 1903.











